The Bolshoi in New York

Dance and Dancers

JUNE 1959

This month's full ballet guide

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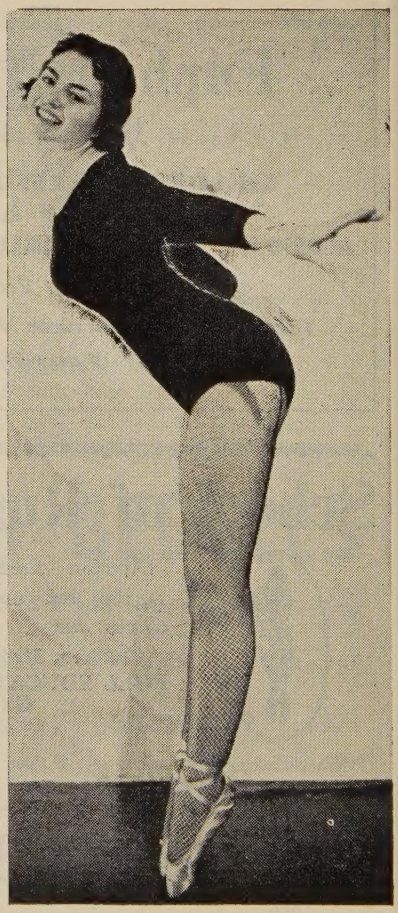

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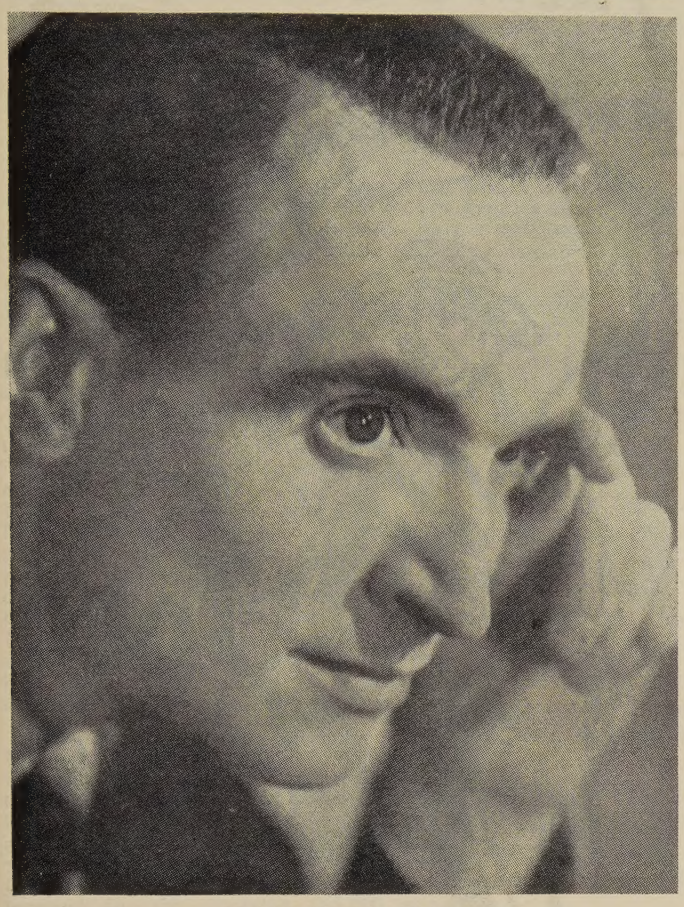

ANTONY TUDOR

ANTONY TUDOR has just had his 50th birthday, and it is nearly twenty since he left England to find work and fame in the United States. He was born in the East End of London on April 4, 1909, and started to dance right at the end of the 'twenties. His first ballet was *Cross Garter'd* in 1931 for the Ballet Rambert — or rather its predecessor the Ballet Club — and for nearly a decade he produced an astonishing series of ballets, first for the Rambert and later for his own company. *Lysistrata, The Planets, The Descent of Hebe, Jardin aux Lilas, Dark Elegies, Judgment of Paris* and *Gala Performance* all date from this period, and after his arrival in America he produced another series of important works for the American Company, Ballet Theatre, including *Pillar of Fire, Romeo and Juliet, Dim Lustre* and *Undertow*.

Since *Undertow* in 1945, Tudor has been responsible for quite a few ballets, some of them like New York City Ballet's *La Gloire* having seeds of greatness in them, but according to American reports — few of his ballets of this period have been seen in Britain — none of them has been really worthy of the man whose energy and genius found a place for himself among the world's master choreographers before he was 35. At present Tudor is teaching at the Ballet School attached to the Metropolitan Opera in New York, and is Director of the Metropolitan Opera Ballet.

It now seems as though Tudor, unlike Balanchine, Stravinsky, Auden and many other European ex-patriates, has failed to settle down in the American artistic climate, and it may well be that he needs to return to Europe for his abilities to have once more the chance to assert themselves. Certainly the time seems ripe for British ballet to invite him to return to Britain, at least as a guest choreographer. It would be valuable to have him not only to rehearse his works with the Rambert, but also to reproduce some of his ballets for the Covent Garden repertory. Apart from Ashton, Tudor is the most considerable figure in British choreography, and certain of his ballets, such as *Jardin aux Lilas*, could with advantage be made common ground for all British ballet companies. British ballet is surely now big enough to utilise both Ashton *and* Tudor to everyone's advantage.

JUNE 1959 10th YEAR OF PUBLICATION Vol. 10 No. 6

Dance and Dancers

Editor: PETER WILLIAMS *Associate Editor:* CLIVE BARNES
Assistant Editor: E. C. MASON
WORLD'S LARGEST SALE IN THE FIELD

Russia for Russians, Britain for Britains?

"OUR 30-year old school has a lot to learn and adapt, but basically the Russian School must be for the Russians and the Western School of the West," thus spake Dame Ninette de Valois in a talk on her recent visit to the schools of Soviet Russia. This was the conclusion she came to after having praised their *épaulement* (especially in the *éffacé* position) and their *développés* amongst a number of other features of the present Soviet school.

Of course her remark about the oriental and occidental segregation is correct — "basically". On the other hand, whether we like to admit it or not, I would say that already we, and the Royal Ballet in particular, are showing signs that the visit of the Bolshoi has had a profound influence on the whole style of dancing in the West. For instance, the bent back leg in *arabesque* would not have been allowed in Western companies a few years ago, now it keeps on cropping up all the time, even in the performance of that new debutante of the Royal Ballet, Lynn Seymour, on her first Odette/Odile in *Le Lac des Cygnes* at Covent Garden. Before the Bolshoi visit, those high arm's length lifts were considered vulgar and music hall, now I am seeing them from all kinds of people and the audience just love them. Both these things are great assets to what is erroneously called "The English School" — provided they are used at the right moments and not overdone. Then again, it is not many years ago that the British male dancer was comparatively earthbound and, apart from a few dancers like Michael Somes, they seldom left the ground higher than a few inches in their *jetés*. A few nights ago we saw the remarkable spectacle of the Royal Ballet's male *corps* soaring up into the air like glorious birds when Ashton's *Les Rendezvous* was revived at the Gala for the Shah of Persia. Admittedly elevation has always been considered to be important here, but I am certain that it was the Bolshoi visit that lit the spark to send our males higher up in the air. These are only a few points that prove that there is more of a mingling of approaches to performance between East and West than might appear on the surface. Schools apart, it was also from the Bolshoi that the Royal Ballet got the idea of having one enormous company so that half of it could be on tour while the other half remained in the Opera House.

"They showed an enormous interest in what we are doing in the West," Dame Ninette went on after having said that her visit to Russia was not to arrange for a visit of our company to the Soviet Union. Two or three years ago it is doubtful whether the Royal Ballet would have caused more than polite interest there, but since their own visit to us so much has changed that a visit by the Royal Ballet to Russia could possibly give them as much as they gave us. The time is ripe and my own feelings are that Dame Ninette was really playing a John the Baptist rôle.

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Spring Comes to Manhattan

by ARTHUR TODD

As in London, Spring came to New York with a lot of dancing. Of greatest importance was the first visit to America of the Bolshoi Ballet. The Metropolitan Opera Ballet gave a programme of four new creations. Dancing, as usual, played an important rôle in the musicals.

THE BOLSHOI BALLET AT THE MET.

BY the time the Bolshoi Ballet opened its long-awaited American engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House on April 16, it was evident that their appearances would make box office and theatrical history in the United States. Impresario Sol Hurok, who has been endeavouring to bring this company to America for the past 35 years, proudly admitted, "It's the cap of my career," when he greeted the main party of the Moscow dancers when they arrived at New York's Idlewild Airport. Hurok also added that he had lost fifteen pounds during the final two months of negotiations arranging for this tour.

Even before prima ballerina Galina Ulanova arrived on April 8, Hurok's office was swamped with mail order requests for tickets, and it is estimated that the Bolshoi Ballet's twenty-seven performance engagement at the Met. was practically sold out when the first day's return mail was received. Over 900,000 requests for tickets were received for the available 165,000 seats. When five extra performances were scheduled at Madison Square Garden, thousands of would-be ticket purchasers stood in line in the rain from five to seven hours to purchase tickets.

Some 39 hours before the première at the Met. potential standees began to line up at the Metropolitan Opera House to gain admission for the Gala Première. Elsewhere in New York frantic bidding was going on for choice box seats and front orchestra seats, and it is estimated that some of these were sold at $50 to $100 above the already highest box office price in American history for tickets — $50 for a box seat and $40 for an orchestra seat.

The first night audience was reported to have been the most illustrious and celebrated to attend any première at the Met. in the past 40 years. The top Soviet diplomats in the United States — Mikhail A. Menshikov, Ambassador in Washington, and Arkady Sobelov, permanent representative at the United Nations — occupied centre boxes. Dag Hammarskjöld, United Nations Secretary-General, was also on hand, as were leaders in the worlds of dance, music, theatre and society. This assembly included Alicia Markova, Martha Graham, Agnes de Mille, George Balanchine, Lucia Chase, Noël Coward, Marlene Dietrich, Sir John Gielgud, Margaret Leighton, Greta Garbo, Van Cliburn, Lillian Gish, Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr., Cole Porter, Col. Serge Obolensky, Maria Tallchief and Robert W. Dowling, Chairman of the American National Theatre and Academy, co-sponsor of the Bolshoi visit to the United States.

ULANOVA ON AMERICAN SOIL: It was an historic moment when Bolshoi ballerina, Galina Ulanova, put foot in America. She is seen here with her husband Vadim Rindin (right) being met at Idlewild Airport by impresario Sol Hurok (left). Ulanova and an advance party arrived in New York on April 8 to prepare for the season of the Bolshoi Ballet which opened at the Metropolitan Opera House on April 16. Photo: TWA

Romeo and Juliet

THE ballet chosen to introduce the Bolshoi Ballet to America was *Romeo and Juliet,* and the star of the evening was Galina Ulanova, the company's prima ballerina. In this one performance Ulanova established beyond a question that she is one of the great dance artists of the world today. Although most of us felt already familiar with her portrayal of the rôle of Juliet from the film that was released here a few years ago, her living performance in both its acting and dancing was a revelation. Dramatically, every movement is justifiable and her gradual evolution of the rôle from that of a young girl to a woman of maturity is a superb artistic achievement and an intensely moving one. Personal mannerisms such as a rather unorthodox *port de bras* and a habit of jutting her head forward matter but little when one considers the magnificence of her overall performance. Watching her one feels that she has learned all that there is technically to know and then she rises above this to use the dance for the development of communication. Her movement is gloriously lyric, apparently effortless and always full of great dramatic power.

The ballet itself is another matter, although on its own terms it is more a sweeping dramatic pageant than a work of choreographic invention. As a dance work it is neither as rich nor creative as was Frederick Ashton's choreography to the same score for the Royal Danish Ballet. Nor does it catch the inner essence of the poetry and drama that are inherent in Antony Tudor's shorter work on the same theme. Nevertheless, judged by its own standards, Leonid Lavrovsky's choreography is valid and honest in its own conception. Both the balcony and bedchamber scenes have some glorious movement for the doomed lovers, while the large street scenes are notable for their meticulous staging and the duels, certainly, are the most exciting staged in recent memory.

It is quite obviously impossible to judge any ballet company on its first two performances, although certain characteristics are already markedly in evidence. Certainly one of the surprises thus far has been the standard of the male dancing. While the men of the Bolshoi are evidently strong and powerful they have not, as yet, proven themselves the equals of the women in the company, nor, for that matter, to many of the other great male dancers of other companies that have appeared previously in New York. Likewise, the settings of this first work leaves much to be desired, as do some of the costumes. On the more positive side, it is a pleasure to see the more mature members of the company playing the older rôles with authority and honesty. It is also wonderful to watch a stage full of one hundred or more dancers and observe such a unity of style. Each one of the dancers seem completely aware of their own respective rôle, no matter how minute, and the overall impact is enormously evident.

Raissa Struchkova had the difficult task of dancing the second performance of Juliet, and did it superbly from a technical point of view and in a dramatic approach that was in no wise similar to Ulanova's. Struchkova is indeed a brilliant dancer and even her curtain calls are a joy to watch.

IN THE BEGINNING : John Butler's ballet was the first on the programme given by the Metropolitan Opera Ballet. Bambi Linn, as Eve, and Bruce Marks, as Adam, are on the left : Sondra Lee and Thomas Andrews, as Tempters, are on the right.
Photo : Louis Mélançon.

Swan Lake and *Giselle,* which are two of the hall-mark ballets by which any company can be judged, will certainly give America a much more rounded and balanced view of this vital company. Maya Plisetskaya makes her first appearance in the West in the first night of *Swan Lake,* and it is also expected that she will appear as Myrtha in *Giselle.* Interest is also centred on *The Stone Flower,* which was hailed recently in its newly-staged version in Moscow a few months ago.

Whether or not knowledgable American audiences are in complete agreement with everything the Bolshoi Ballet presents, it is indeed a wonderfully rewarding experience to have them in our midst. Watching them one is aware that one is viewing one of the sources and mainsprings of ballet as it has come down to our present day.

FOUR CREATIONS BY METROPOLITAN OPERA BALLET

MARCH 22, 1959, was an historic date as far as the Metropolitan Opera was concerned, for it was the first time that the Metropolitan Opera Ballet, under the direction of Antony Tudor, presented an entire evening of dance employing its own resources. In view of the importance of this noteworthy step on the forward-looking part of the Metropolitan Opera and its management, it would indeed be pleasant to hail this evening and programme as a major event. It is therefore doubly disappointing to be forced to the conclusion that the intent was more praiseworthy than the result.

Aside from the fact that not one of the four new works was an out and out success, the predominate characteristic of the evening was the apparent lack of a unified and cohesive artistic policy. In an opera house, certainly, one might tend to expect a repertoire based first on classic style if such future works are being considered as possible additions to the opera repertory. One might presume such works would be of greater interest to an audience already conditioned to classic opera. Secondly, *if* extremely modern and controversial works *are* considered a necessity at the outset, one might then wish that the management had invited such masters in the field as Jerome Robbins or Agnes de Mille to participate along with Tudor. Thirdly, since the Met's own dance company is so highly regarded both inside and outside of the management, it seems unfortunate that they were not employed to a greater extent.

Apart from the above reservations, one can only praise the Met's courage for mounting these works so handsomely and for providing such superior musical accompaniment. A veritable "Who's Who" of the international dance field was on hand for this gala event, and the house was sold out to the capacity of its standing room.

In the Beginning

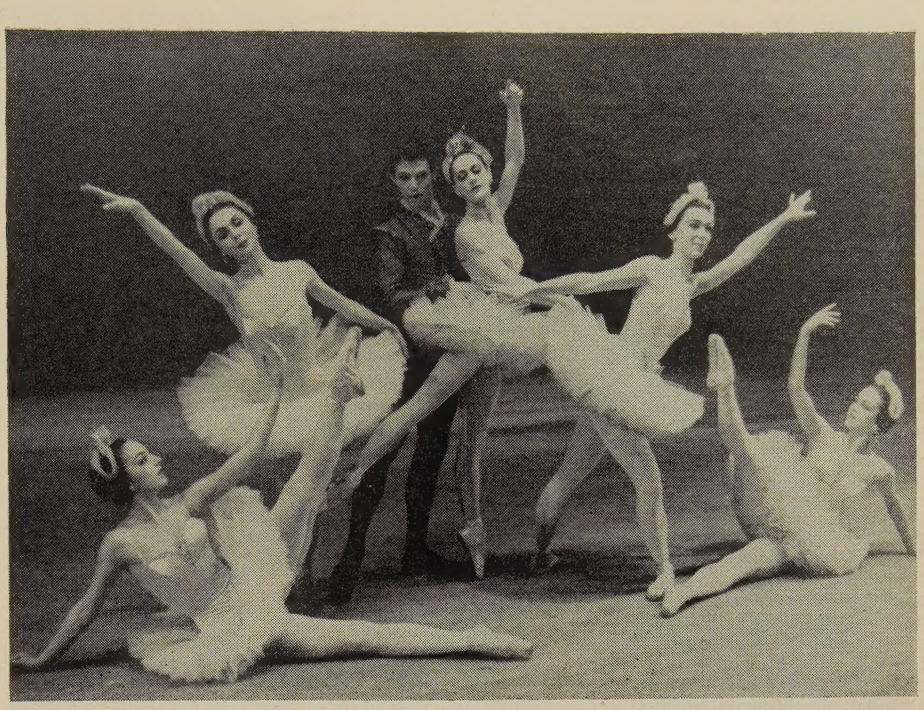
A new ballet by John Butler. Symphony No. 1, by Samuel Barber. Décor and Costumes by Jac Venza.

Eve ..... BAMBI LINN
Adam ..... BRUCE MARKS
Tempters ..... SONDRA LEE, THOMAS ANDREWS

Meredith Baylis, Catherine Horn, Edith Jerell, Nancy King, Louellen Sibley, Mary Stone, William Burdick, Craig Crosson, Jose Gutierrez, Ron Murray, Frank Piper, Vincent Warren.

OBVIOUSLY John Butler, a one-time member of Martha Graham's Company, was enormously influenced by Miss Graham's *Embattled Garden,* a brilliant work based on the Adam and Eve legend, or so it seemed by the time the curtain fell on his new ballet based on a similar theme.

What was missing, however, was a fresh point of view and an inventive projection of it. As a result, the stylised action added up to nothing new from a choreographic point of view. Bambi Linn and Bruce Marks cavorted in the most minimum of costumes (hers was unfortunately most unflattering) and their temptations in this work seemed to be offered to them by the same rather than the opposite respective sex. On the credit side of this work, however, there was a most impressive set by young designer Jac Venza, who made a noteworthy success earlier this season with his designs for the revival of *On The Town*.



LES DIAMANTS: *Lupe Serrano, as the Blue Diamond, and Bruce Marks, as the Black Diamond, surrounded by the group in Danilova's ballet. Photo: Louis Mélançon.*

The Exchange

A new ballet by Herbert Ross. Concerto for Organ and Orchestra, by Francis Poulenc. Décor and costumes by John Ward. Organ Soloist, Edmund Shay.

NORA KAYE SCOTT DOUGLAS
JOSE GUTIERREZ

Meredith Baylis, Nancy Benson, Margaret Black, Diana Coon, Hlenka Devon, Catherine Horn, Edith Jerell, Nancy King, Carole Kroon, Loi Leabo, Joy O'Neill Louellen Sibley, Mary Stone.

Thomas Andrew, William Burdick, Craig Crosson, Hubert Farrington, Harry Jones, Donald Martin, David Milnes, Ron Murray, Frank Piper, Vincent Warren, Alek Zbyine.

CONSIDERABLE advance speculation was evidenced over this new ballet since it purported to be based on a story called *The Sin of Jesus*. If this was so, it was not evidenced in the ballet at all clearly, though various members of the audience read into it all sorts of meanings. One belief held was that Nora Kaye was a Mary Magdalene figure, with Scott Douglas in his gold wig as Jesus, and the bolding Jose Gutierrez as a figure in red, who stood chiefly on a ladder, as God. Another interpretation was based on the understanding that the figure in red was God and that Scott Douglas was an angel. Still another implication was that of a homosexual relationship between the two male figures with Nora Kaye as the third

THE EXCHANGE: *Nora Kaye and Scott Douglas in two moments from Herbert Ross's ballet to Poulenc's "Concerto for Organ and Orchestra". Photos: Louis Mélançon.*

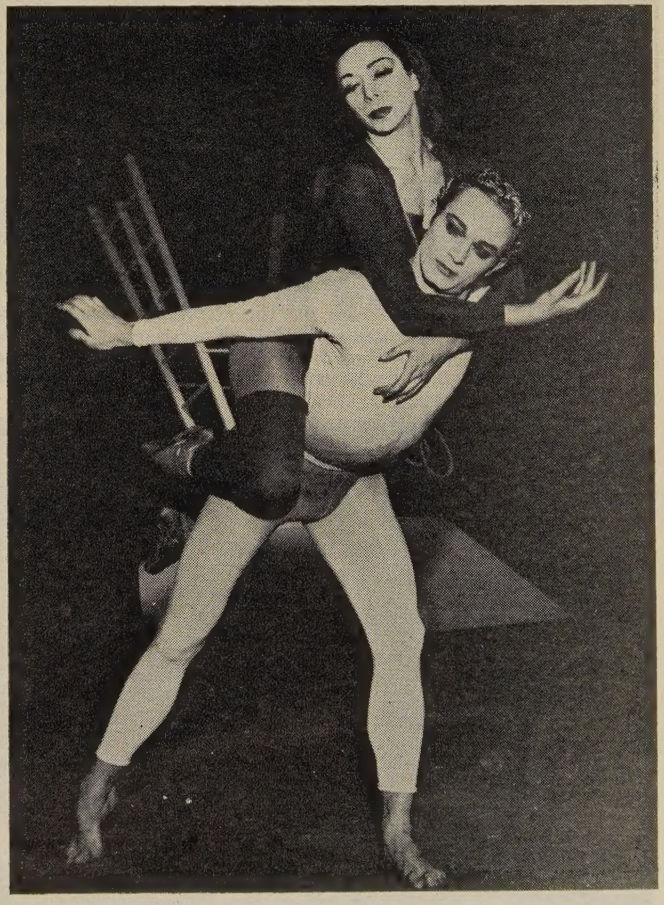


figure in the triangle. At any event, what Ross *really* intended was by no means clear and his work was chiefly of interest because of a stunning performance by guest ballerina Nora Kaye and Francis Poulenc's magnificent "Concerto for Organ and Orchestra". Scott Douglas was also noteworthy in his indeterminate rôle.

Les Diamants

A new ballet by Alexandra Danilova. Scene de Ballet by Charles de Beriot. Costumes by Karinska. Violin Soloist Raymond Gniewek.

Blue Diamond ..... LUPE SERRANO

Black Diamond ..... BRUCE MARKS

Nancy Benson, Edith Jerell, Nancy King, Catherine Horn.

CERTAINLY the most suitable ballet from an opera house point of view was choreographer Danilova's elegant and classical little work composed for a ballerina, danseur and four girls. Again, as previously in the opera *La Gioconda,* Danilova used Lupe Serrano brilliantly and one only wishes that she had been partnered by Scott Douglas or someone of similar capabilities. Though Bruce Marks is a most promising dancer in the modern field, he was, in this case, strikingly miscast. Karinska's delightful costumes for the girls added *chic* and the score served admirably. What was needed on this large stage was a greater *corps,* say sixteen instead of four. Otherwise, this was a welcome addition to the repertoire, and the audience accorded Danilova an ovation for it.

Hail and Farewell

A new ballet by Antony Tudor. Music by Richard Strauss. Costumes by Motley. Soprano Soloist Eleanor Steber.

1. Festival March (Opus 1)
Susanne Ames, Meredith Baylis, Ann Etgen, Catherine Horn, Nancy King, Carole Kroon, Fronda Sobel, Mary Stone. William Burdick, Jose Gutierrez, Harry Jones, Donald Martin, David Milnes, Ron Murray, Vincent Warren, Alek Zybine.

2. Serenade (Opus 7)
Margaret Black, Hlenka Devon, Louellen Sibley, Ann Etgen, Fronda Sobel, William Burdick, Ron Murray, Vincent Warren.

3. Four Last Songs
Fruehling
LUPE SERRANO
September
EDITH JERELL
Beim Schlafengehn
AUDREY KEANE
and Hlenka Devon, William Burdick, Ron Murray, Vincent Warren.
Im Abendrot
NORA KAYE.

REDHEAD : *Two scenes from the successful Broadway musical,* Redhead, *which stars Gwen Verdon. Above is the company in the number "We loves ya, Jimey"; below is another dance number, "Two Faces in the Dark". The choreography was by Gwen Verdon's husband, Bob Fosse, who was assisted by Donald McKayle.*

Photos : Vandamm.

THIS new work by Antony Tudor, the first in many seasons, proved to be the most noteworthy that he has given us in several years, though its opening section seems a rather unrelated preface to the effective later section where the *Four Last Songs* by Strauss are the settings for four beautiful solos that were danced to the outstanding vocal contributions of Eleanor Steber. Both the opening Festival March and the Serenade were danced, and well, by a large *corps,* but were in a considerably lighter vein than the four solos that followed. Again, Nora Kaye was noteworthy in her eloquent solo that was danced in front of the platform, placed high on the centre of the stage, for soprano Eleanor Steber. Interestingly enough, Tudor used these songs and the voice as a springboard for dance and the solos were thus an extension rather than a mere illustration of the lyrics. Also outstanding were soloists Lupe Serrano, Edith Jerrell and Audrey Keane, and their costumes by Motley added considerably to the overall effect.

NEW MUSICALS

Redhead

UP to this writing, *Redhead* has been the greatest success of this season's musical comedies, chiefly because of the incandescent dance talents of its star, Gwen Verdon, and its bouyant choreography and overall direction by Bob Fosse. Though it boasts of little or nothing worthwhile so far as its plot is concerned — it chases back and forth between a Victorian London vaudeville theatre and a Madame Tussaud-like waxworks — all of this serves as a wonderful setting for Gwen Verdon and a wonderful assortment of dances.

Since *Can-Can,* Gwen Verdon has risen to Broadway fame in *Damn Yankees* (she also shines in the screen version) and *New Girl In Town,* and now she is hailed as the equal of Mary Martin and Ethel Merman, heretofore America's reigning stars of musical comedy. Gwen Verdon has such an infectious gaiety that she lights up a theatre when she begins to dance, and what a marvellous dancer she is — graceful, gay, witty and blessed with a perfect dancer's instrument, a totally disciplined body that is aware of every shading and nuance of movement. In this musical Bob Fosse, her husband, has served her admirably as choreographer and director. As a Chaplin-esque figure she sings and hoofs "Erbie Fitch's Twitch" in a wonderful old-fashioned vaudevillian manner. In "Essie's Vision" she dances her versions of Spanish and military dances and she literally bowls over the whole ensemble (they fall like nine-pins) when she trips them up with her mis-steps in "Two Faces in the Dark". In "We Loves Ya, Jimey," she is the blazing centre of a barroom brawl, and in "Pick Pocket Tango" she does an hilariously seductive dance with Buzz Miller in which she wins the keys that will free her from jail. In addition, Fosse has staged a witty number, "The Uncle Sam Rag," in which the chorus do a most reserved British version of a hot American jazz song.

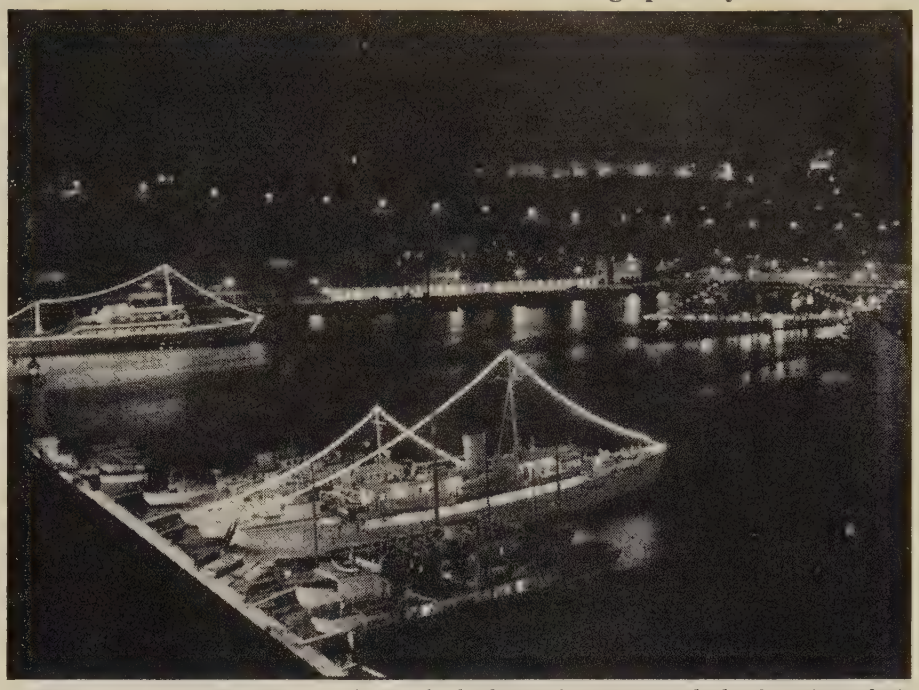
Since Gwen Verdon's run-of-play contract provides for her engagement in London after the New York run, British audiences have a delightful prospect ahead. Donald McKayle was associate choreographer, the dance music was arranged by Roger Adams, the production was designed by Rouben Ter-Arutunian and Jean Rosenthal provided her always superb lighting.

Continued on page 31

Paschal Contrasts in Monaco

by PETER WILLIAMS
Photographed by SERGE LIDO

The Easter season in Monte Carlo—A Monagasque Good Friday Procession The Changing Order—The Ballet of the Warsaw Opera in Two Programmes.



TWILIGHT IN MONACO : Yachts in the harbour of Monaco with the Onassis yacht in the distance on the left, and the Embericos yacht in the foreground. High up on the right is the floodlit Palace before which the Good Friday procession passed.

THE Mediterranean night is mild and the crowds of Monagasque citizens abandon their shuttered houses and line the square before the pink palace which is the home of Prince Rainier and his ex-film star Princess. Cars come streaming up the hill like invaders from another planet so incongruous do they suddenly seem in this ancient rock fortress. We wait, and the children who have been put to sit on the pavements lining this procession route, start to fidget and murmur. Still we wait and it suddenly strikes me that always it is necessary to wait in this particular square for was it not here that once upon a wedding we waited for Prince Rainier and his bride for the serenade on the eve of nuptials. Then we waited for three-quarters of an hour while hundreds of dancers and singers shivered on an icy spring night and the rest of the world. more comfortably and warmly placed, waited before their television screens. Now it looks as though something will happen, flambeaux are being lit all around the square. The illumination is mysterious for the crowds seem to vanish with the earth and only the top half of the surrounding buildings can be seen in dancing patterns caused by smoke from the naked flames. All other illumination seems to vanish and even the bright eyes of the "invaders" are doused.

In the distance a brass band can be heard, blaring out a dirge-like march. Down one of the arms-width narrow streets a glow can be seen and suddenly a procession of shadows, monstrous shadows thrown on the walls which have become blood red with the lights of many lanterns. The procession approaches. Centurians on horseback and Roman warriors can be seen and suddenly the whole tragedy of that first Good Friday spills out into the open square. The clever lighting of the flambeaux gives a patina to the whole scene and hides the fact that the clothes have doubtlessly seen many such annual processions in many varied weathers. After the Roman procession comes another which included important characters in the Good Friday story and Mary Magdalene traditionally weeping. The brass band fades into the distance and a drumbeat takes over, a slow beat very similar to that used for the *Saetas* in Sevillian Holy Week. The most diminutive angels you ever saw herald the procession of the recumbent Christ soon to be followed by Our Lady held on high. The burnished gold of her robe looks majestic in the torchlight and her expression takes on a strange serenity. The procession passes on to continue for several hours winding through the streets of the old town. It has an eternal quality about it and the only thing that brought it in line with today was a group of American sailors, bearing candles, who made a rather incongruous spectacle in one of the processions.

I turn around and, with my back to a custom and ritual that will survive whatever troubles might beset this miniature principality, look across the harbour of Monaco at the glittering coast which blazes out in the night like diamonds against black velvet in Cartier's windows. Somehow I feel that the message of the sombre procession behind me will long outlive the glitter before me. How long will the Greek millionaires remain in their sumptuous yachts, how long will the gambling tables hold sway over this magnificent stretch of coast, how long—but one could go on like this for ages. The fact remains that behind me is permanence and before me is something more ephemeral.

Already the changing nature of Monte Carlo is making itself felt because on the following evening André Levasseur says adieu to the Principality with his designs for the opera, *Die Fledermaus*. For five years, André has been the designer entirely responsible for bringing back the elegance that was enjoyed in Monte Carlo during the 'twenties. Not only has he been responsible for many ballets and all the cabaret but also for the decoration of brilliant fêtes and other occasions, for interiors, for posters and for almost everything that has given Monte Carlo an artistically unique position in the world. Both he and the artistic director, Jacques Lefévre, have given back something that has always seemed the right of this little Principality flanked by mountains on one side and the deep blue Mediterranean on the other—the restoration of leisure and decorative living in a world that lacks it so much. Now both are leaving and the future is as hidden as Mont Agel under a blanket of cloud.

For *Die Fledermaus*, Levasseur has designed two very good acts, for the middle ballroom scene he has not been so successful. This is strange for elaborate occasions of this kind are usually what he can embellish with greater taste than anyone else in the world. Even though the production was amateurish and the lighting unsympathetic, I still felt that this basic design was wrong and that the costumes, apart from the two principal ladies, were too muddled in line and colour. On the other hand his blue salon in Eisenstein's house for the first act was charming and full of the spirit of Vienna even down to the detail of the boots worn by the maid, Adele. That difficult last act, which takes place in a prison, was extremely effective: a courtyard with balconies around it and washing hanging out. The ballet scenes have been omitted and personally I felt that it was greatly to the advantage of the opera as a whole; it was more possible to concentrate on the singing of the mainly Austrian cast led by the American, Teresa Stich-Randall, as a delightful Rosalinde. Operas and processions apart, the main purpose of the Easter season was the first appearance outside Poland of the Ballet of the Warsaw Opera.

THE BALLET OF THE WARSAW OPERA

LIKE in most other countries, apart from England and America, where ballet has achieved any sort of eminence, the inauguration of a State company has been due to the enthusiasm of the reigning house. France and Russia provide the most notable examples of this and in Poland it was Stanislas Auguste, the last King of Poland who, in 1785, was responsible for forming a company. The first Polish ballet, known as "The Association of Dancers of His Majesty," was recruited from peasant girls and boys. At the moment when, just under ten years later, it seemed as though the company was developing to become one of importance, the State disbanded it in 1794. Several attempts were made to re-start and it was not until 1818 that, under the direction of one Maurice Pie, the company again started to emerge as an important ballet force in Europe. Later under the direction of Philippe Taglioni, Warsaw became a stronghold of romanticism with a leaning towards works such as *La Sylphide Le Diable Boiteux ,Giselle* and *Esmeralda*. The second half of the 19th century was mainly

MAZEPA : *The opening moment of the ballet which the Polish company gave on the first night of their Monte Carlo season. King Casimir (Witold Borkowski) is seen, centre, arriving at the castle of Voievode.*

STEPMOTHER AND STEPSON (below) : Amelia (Olga Sawicka) in a pas de deux *with her stepson, Zbigniew (Bogdan Bulder). This unnatural relationship is the main theme upon which the drama of the ballet hinges.*

dominated by Italian dancers and by Enrico Cecchetti but financial problems limited the development of stars even though the school was forming a splendid *corps* of young artists. Therefore by the time that guest artists, such as Mathilde Kschessinska from St. Petersburg, came to the company towards the end of the century the Warsaw ballet never lacked great talent in its productions. It was to Warsaw that both Diaghilev and Pavlova came to furnish their companies with young artists. Thus it was that dancers such as Leon Woizikowski and Stanislas Idzikowski became world famous. In the time between the two world wars, when Poland had recovered its independence, the theatre was in the hands of Pietre Zalicha and Felix Parnell and they did much to build up a repertory which used Poland's national heritage—its folklore and national dances. This then is roughly the background of the company which arrived to play in Monte Carlo and they opened with an evening-length ballet:

Mazepa

Ballet in six scenes based, by Irena Turska, on the famous tragedy of Juliusz Slowacki. Music by Tadeusz Szeligowski. Production and Choreography by Stanislaw Miszczyk. Designed by Lech and Micheele Zahorski.

King Casimir ..... WITOLD BORKOWSKI
Mazepa, The King's Page
STANISLAW SZYMANSKI
Voievode ..... ZBIGNIEW KILINSKI
Amelia, his wife ..... OLGA SAWICKA
Zbigniew, son of Voievode's first Marriage
..... BOGDAN BULDER
Chmara, Voievode's courtier
EDWARD KOPERSKI
The chatelaone ..... MARTA BOKOTA

JULIUSZ SLOWACKI, who lived during the first half of the last century, was one of Poland's greatest Romantic poets. His famous tragedy, *Mazepa,* was greatly influenced by the French romantics such as Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas though his works had a strong Polish accent and were full of the characteristics of Polish life at that time. His drama, *Mazepa,* introduced two genuine historic characters — King Casimir and his page, Mazepa. The latter, who became a Cossack leader, has become the subject of songs, stories and poems both in Poland and other countries. He was the hero of Byron's poems, of Pushkin's *Poltawa,* of a Tchaikovsky opera and of a symphonic poem by Liszt amongst others.

The action of the ballet takes place in early part of the 17th century when Mazepa is still a young boy. On a visit with the King to one of his subjects, Voievode, Mazepa discovers that his host's young and beautiful wife, Amelia, is in love with her stepson, Zbigniew. In trying to help the young lovers, Mazepa becomes involved in a number of mishaps which involve him in a duel with Zbigniew and incurs the wrath of almost everyone concerned except for the fair Amelia. Mazepa who, in spite of his frivolous exterior, has a good heart does not reveal the real truth even when Zbigniew kills himself in a duel which makes it look as though the page had been the killer. In the end Amelia dies and her husband, Voievode, kills himself as the royal army enters the castle.

This is the bald outline of a story that is full of complexes and complications and bears many similarities to the tragedy of *Phèdre.* It is these complications that have proved too much for the scenario writer, Irena Turska. All the miming in the world cannot really explain the ramifications of an

OLGA SAWICKA as Amelia.

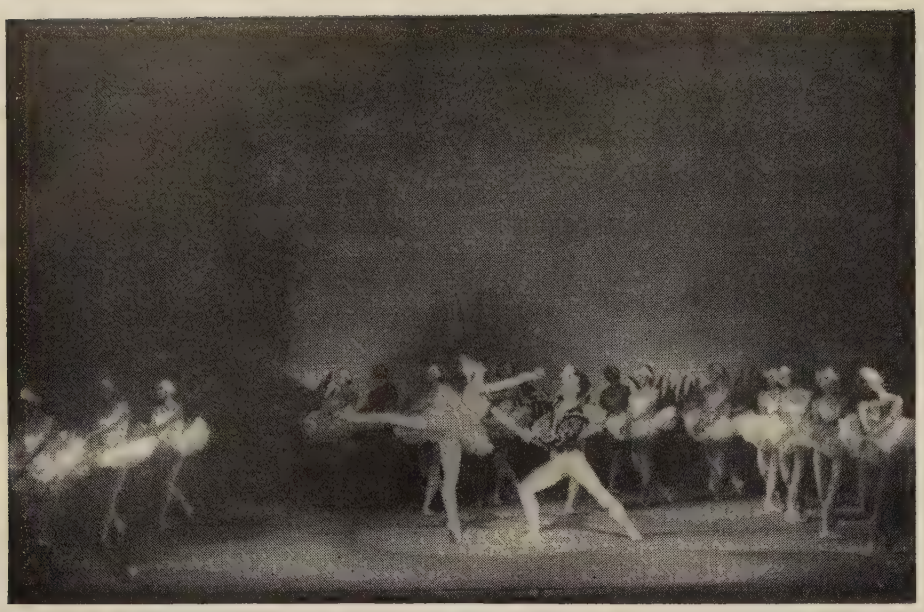
STANISLAW SZYMANSKI as Mazepa.

almost incestuous relationship and this is not helped by a number of other little issues which have been introduced to hide the main stem of the story like a tree in full summer foliage. Nor is the situation made any clearer by the production of Stanislaw Miszczyk. He should have built up his tragedy gradually and relentlessly with mounting climaxes that finally exploded into the full-scale tragedy. As it is, the scenes peter out and the spectator is left wondering what it is all about and not even the lengthy programme note makes it at all clear. There are far too many entrances and exits for no particular reason and so clumsily is all this handled that one eventually gets to the pitch that it hardly seems to matter what happens —thus robbing the drama of all its impact.

The art of constructing a full-length dramatic ballet is complicated and it seems that the most satisfactory solution lies in the works composed in the last century. *Giselle,* for instance manages to combine drama and dancing so perfectly that a programme note is hardly necessary. The two great Tchaikovsky/Petipa works — *Swan Lake* and *The Sleeping Beauty*—have very thin stories but there is just enough on which to hang four acts of almost pure dancing. Possibly the full-length narrative ballet has reached some sort of definitive form in this century with the monumental ballets of Soviet Russia, of which the Prokofiev *Romeo and Juliet* is the finest example. It would seem that it is on these works that Miszczyk has attempted to base his production and choreography—unfortunately he has not quite succeeded. The unimaginative *enchainements* (a superabundance of *pirouettes* and *jetés),* which have not been integrated enough into the mime scenes, certainly needed artists of the Bolshoi calibre to get them over and although the Polish company has some good artists, and two outstanding ones, that is not quite enough to stop the whole thing from jerking along like an old silent movie from which some of the reels are missing.

The score of Tadeusz Szeligowsky is placed geographically somewhere between the Russian Prokofiev and the German Hans Werner Henze and wambled on very much like the latter's work for *Ondine* in that he did not make sufficient use of *leitmotive* which would seem to be an essential in a strongly dramatic work. It is possibly because Prokofiev uses it so persistently in his *Romeo and Juliet* score that the ballet achieves the impact that it does. The score had moments of excellence but as a whole left an astringent taste, though I find it

FINAL MOMENT : The King enters the castle to find that Amelia is dead while her husband, Voievode, has killed himself.



LE LAC DES CYGNES: *Maria Krzyszkowska, as Odette, and Zbigniew Strzalkowski, in Tchaikovsky's ballet as given by the Warsaw company in Monte Carlo.*

impossible to pass fair judgment after only one hearing.

The setting by the Zahorskis remained in the same form almost throughout the ballet —two towers and rostrums which changed their shadows according to whether it was an exterior or interior. For a more intimate interior and a prison, an arch is dropped in. On the whole the sets made a simple and effective background to some brightly coloured costumes which were good when realistic in a 'straight' theatre way, less so when the girls' costumes became flimsy in a ballet way.

The mime was rather jerky and old-fashioned and lacked the smoothness of playing in companies such as the Royal Danish Ballet or the Bolshoi. Most of the dancing looked rather cramped on the small Monte Carlo stage but the whole evening was made memorable on account of the dancing of two people—Olga Sawicka, as Amelia, and Stanislaw Szymanski in the title role.

ADAGIO: Strzalkowski and Krzyszkowska in the pas de deux *from the second act of* Le Lac des Cygnes.

A year ago I remember admiring Sawicka (then Olga Savitska) in this same theatre when she was dancing with Miskovitch's group. But as I only saw her in short works I had no idea, until I saw her in this full-length ballet just how good she really is. She turns beautifully, has remarkable *équilibre* and *jetés* and her whole portrayal of the hapless Amelia was convincing and touching. She has all the qualities I look for in a ballerina—a mixture of the present Soviet school with the style and elegance of the older school of the Maryinsky. I am sure this girl has a great future before her and the same could be said of Szymanski.

He appears to be very young and I rather gather that Mazepa is his first important rôle which certainly appears to be tailor-made for him. As the king's page he has to express natural youth and exuberance, an essential 'niceness' and that kind of immature nobility that augers future greatness. All this he achieves with complete conviction. Technically nothing appears to be beyond his grasp and his jump is phenomenal. Having seen him only in *Mazepa* it is hard to know whether a certain coltish quality is naturally his or part of his playing of the rôle as there were moments when I felt that his attack needed moulding into greater harmony of line. But without seeing him in a classic it is impossible to judge him fairly though there is no question but that he has all the potential for becoming one of the world's great male dancers.

SECOND PROGRAMME

LE LAC DES CYGNES: *Music by Tchaikovsky. Choreography by Marius Petipa and Stanislaw Miszczyk. Designed by Stanislaw Jarocki.*
PAN TWARDOWSKI: *Music by Ludomir Rozycki. Production and Choreography by Felix Parnell. Designed by Stanislaw Jarocki.*

THE test of any company's qualities comes with its performances of the classics. Unfortunately the Warsaw company has reconstituted *Le Lac des Cygnes* to such an extent that it virtually becomes a new ballet, and a bad one at that, with the same familiar old music.

I utterly fail to see why ballet's accepted masterpieces have to be messed around. People don't go and paint over El Grecos, re-write Shakespeare, or re-compose Brahms' symphonies; why cannot ballets be left in the form in which they have been accepted and acclaimed? Or if you have to start re-doing things let them at least be lyrical or musical.

There has been an attempt by Miszczyk to bring out the drama in this single act — such as bringing on the swans at the opening and before the entry of the huntsmen, also a development of the scenes with Von Rothbart — and there is nothing particularly wrong with that. But when it comes to twisting around the choreography of the dances then the fault is serious.

What emerges is a ballet of utter dreariness which was not helped much by the performance of Maria Krzyszkowska as Odette. She is one of those ballerinas who tends to walk from movement to movement and there is little of the lyrical flow which is surely an essential in any playing of this half-swan half-Princess woman. She also poked her head forward in an unattractive way which nullified her few moments of regality. She was well partnered by Zbigniew Strzalkowski, who has a manly presence and a poetic quality. Tadeusz Zlamal as a diabolical looking Von Rothbart leapt around energetically. The *corps* had a certain

discipline but was obviously too cramped to show itself off to any particular advantage. It all came as a great disappointment as I had hoped to see some of the qualities we have seen from the Russian companies.

The final work, *Pan Twardowski,* dates back to 1936 and is one of those works, combining mime with national dancing, that can only be done with conviction by companies which have a national folk heritage. It was a work which reeked of its period — the 'thirties — and had much of the supercinema flavour so typical of that time but it was all given with such conviction and a sense of enjoyment that it became infectious.

Based very closely on the Faust legend, it concerns an old man whose magical, medical and scientific powers are fading. He evokes the devil and regains his youth, but owing to various trickeries he eventually lands up on the moon. where he happily remains until the last judgment.

It is one of those works which has everything including something that looked mighty like the kitchen stove. It has a travesty rôle in Pan Twardowski's monstrous hen-pecking old wife, it has a voluptuous orgy scene when Twardowski signs his contract with the devil in blood, it has scenes of stately court dances when Twardowski gets involved with a Queen, numerous peasant scenes of naïve but charming humour. The work has been considerably cut for Monte Carlo, as its three acts constitute a full evening's entertainment, but that was possibly to the ballet's advantage as it made its point well without becoming tedious.

The whole work was really dominated by the spectacular leaps and turns of Wlodsimierz Traczewski. as the Devil, whose feats at some moments were so incredible as to be almost unbelievable. A fine character performance was given by Zbigniew Kiliński as the old Twardowski and one of dignity by Bogdan Bulder as the young. But all the characters were played and danced with great conviction.

The *corps de ballet* really came into its own in this work and the dances based on the Mazurka and the Polonaise were given with all the dignity and style that is essential for these Court dances, while those based on the Krakowiak, the Goralski and other national peasant dances had all the verve and excitement that can only come from a people brought up to them since childhood.

The designing seemed rather old-fashioned and would be impossible today for any work other than something of this kind, but somehow it all fitted in with the particular style, period and treatment of the piece as a whole. The music of Ludomir Rozycki was lively, brimming over with folk themes and *tempi,* and kept the ballet going at a pace which made one forget that perhaps it was all rather corny.

From these three works it could only have been possible to get a very sketchy idea of the present potential of the Ballet of the Warsaw Opera. From what was shown in Monte Carlo it appeared that they were decidedly stronger in character work than in classical, and they certainly have, in Sawicka and Szymanski (the principals in *Mazepa),* two artists who would hold their own with any international stars. It would seem that Warsaw is keeping to its traditions of the last century by supplying a high standard in its more youthful elements. What it possibly needs badly is to have some Balanchine works in its repertory to curb some of the zest and to acquire a classical purity that is still the only foundation upon which a State company can be built.

Again Monte Carlo has brought an important company to the Mediterranean, and it is to be hoped that a change in the direction does not mean any lessening of their efforts to make their exquisite miniature Opera House one of Europe's most important centres of ballet.

PAN TWARDOWSKI : *Members of the Warsaw company in a Polonaise from a Court scene in the ballet on a Faust theme.*

FOLK DANCES IN BALLET : Above and below are two dances based on traditional Polish folklore steps. In the top picture, Pan Twardowski is seen asleep in the moon while peasants enjoy themselves on the earth below.

STARS ON THE ROOF : On top of Vienna's rebuilt and magnificent new opera house, and before the statue representing the music of Ernst Julius Hahnel, Karl Musil and Willy Dirtl leap in the air while Christl Zimmerl remains roof-bound.

New Spirit in Vienna

SERGE LIDO sees and photographs three recent creations by the Vienna State Opera Ballet

ON March 24, the Ballet of the Vienna State Opera gave a performance that was of exceptional interest and of obvious importance to the company. Three creations were shown and one revival, for which the choreographer, Yvonne Georgi, was responsible. Her version of *Les Sylphides* was based on Fokine's original; her three creations were *Agon, Evolutions* and *Ruth.* Georgi's version of the former was different to MacMillan's version for Covent Garden in that it followed more closely Stravinsky's original plan and was given without scenery though in costumes by Marcel Escoffier. It was a notable achievement.

Last year I saw a ballet on electronic music by Yvonne Georgi, for the Ballet of Hanover, in Monte Carlo. What she has done for Vienna on the same principles is very interesting and infinitely superior. This work, *Evolutions,* also has a score by Badings, but was far more danceable and had more original groupings than the previous work. The final ballet of the evening, *Ruth,* based on the biblical story, was excellently danced by Christl Zimmerl in the title rôle.

EVOLUTIONS : The company in Yvonne Georgi's new creation to Bading's electronic music. This work showed a development of dance to this unusual musical form.

Having only seen the Vienna State Opera Ballet in Nervi and Monte Carlo when the company was far from complete, I was more impressed by the company on its home ground particularly in the work of the younger dancers, who had been trained by the late Gordon Hamilton. With regard to technique and artistry the younger generation outclassed most of their elders. Together with Zimmerl, Zlocha and Musil this new generation should bring honour to the ballet of Vienna.

Possibly no opera house in the world can provide such splendid conditions for working in and the school of 80 students is blessed with an excellent teacher in Georgia Hiden, who comes from Balanchine's school in New York. Certainly one has hope that when the new generation has replaced the old, the company will be able to take its place amongst the important international companies. The one danger lies with the technique and artistic approach of the company's stars. After having gained certain success they appear to think that their work is finished and forget that it is at this moment that they must work harder than ever before. Both this and the general spirit of the company are what stop the company from becoming one of international standing, though there is no denying that there is enormous potential in the up-and-coming generation.

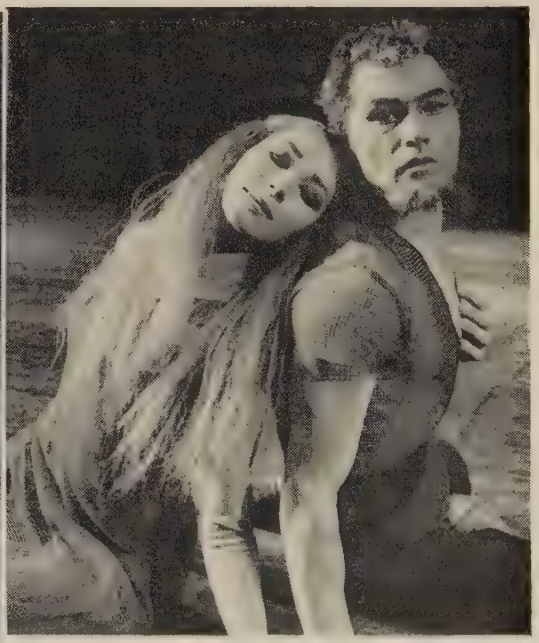
S. L.

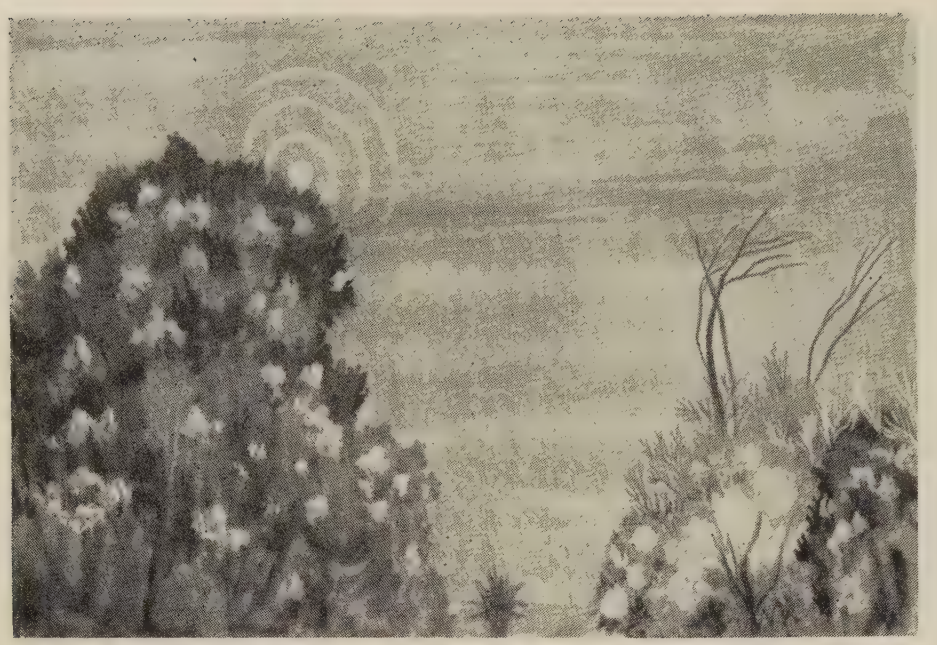
TO STRAVINSKY'S MOST RECENT BALLET MUSIC: Left, Christl Zimmerl with two males (Karl Musil is the middle one). Right, Richard Adama and Edeltraude Brexner. Below, the whole cast in four groups. All are in Georgi's version of Agon.

RUTH (below) Choreography by Yvonne Georgi. Music by Heino Eibse. Designed by Detten Schleifmacher. First given by the Vienna State Opera Ballet, on March 24, 1959

AGON (above and left) Choreography by Yvonne Georgi. Music by Igor Stravinsky. Costumes by Marcel Escoffier. First given by the Vienna State Opera Ballet on March 24, 1959.

BIBLICAL STORY IN MOVEMENT: Below are two pictures of Christl Zimmerl, in the title rôle, and Willy Dirtl in Georgi's version of Ruth.





ORIGINAL SETTING : Hugh Stevenson's backcloth for the 1936 production of Jardin aux Lilas *when it was first given at the Mercury Theatre.*

Ballet Perspectives: 11

Jardin aux Lilas

by CLIVE BARNES

ASHTON and Tudor, Tudor and Ashton — they were the first great names of British choreography. It was Ashton who got off to the initial start, but despite the excellencies of his *Façade* and *Les Rendez-vous,* it was the slightly younger Tudor who at the beginning of 1936 eventually produced British ballet's first unqualified masterpiece, *Jardin aux Lilas.*

Tudor had joined the Rambert organisation in 1930, and during the next seven years he worked as dancer, choreographer, student, teacher, stage-hand, electrician, accompanist and secretary to Rambert. In *Dance to the Piper,* Agnes de Mille describes him at this period as "a young friendly drudge". Already by 1936 Tudor, inspired and goaded by Rambert, had produced nine ballets, including that remarkable work *The Planets,* yet it was in *Jardin aux Lilas* that he laid unmistakable claim to greatness as a choreographer.

In *Sixteen Years of Ballet Rambert,* Lionel Bradley says that the ballet "took its origin" from its designer, Hugh Stevenson, and the idea for *Jardin aux Lilas,* if not the detailed scenario, appears to have been a collaboration between choreographer and designer. Cyril Beaumont (in the *Complete Book of Ballets)* mentions that Tudor "was inspired to some extent by his reading a short story by the Finnish author, Aino Kallas, a story in which a peasant couple are to be married when the landowner announces his intention of exercising his *droit de seigneur.* The bride goes to fulfil the law but armed with a dagger." Fernau Hall (in *Modern English Ballet)* suggests that "Hugh Stevenson conceived the idea of a ballet in a lilac garden independently of Tudor's plan", and elsewhere points out that this "conception of a garden with a romantic lovelorn atmosphere became an integral part of the finished ballet".

Marie Rambert told me that when she first heard of the ballet, Tudor described it as "an idea by Hugh Stevenson", and she also confirms that the original intention was a ballet based on the *droit de seigneur.* Eventually this became transformed into the theme of a "forced marriage" which we now know. At first it was intended that there should be only three major characters in the ballet, but this particular eternal triangle was broken because Tudor decided he wanted to include in the work a rôle for Pearl Argyle.

Rambert and Tudor went, as was then their custom, to the HMV record showrooms in Oxford Street in search of suitable music. They started by listening to Fauré, but decided that, in Rambert's words, he was "melancholy more than sad". Then they came across Chausson's *Poème* for Violin and Orchestra, and the choice was made.

Rehearsals for the new ballet went according to schedule, but as Pearl Argyle was busy rehearsing with the Vic-Wells Ballet, Tudor mounted the rôle in rehearsal on a girl from the *corps de ballet,* Peggy Van Praagh. In her book of reminiscences, *How I Became a Ballet Dancer,* Peggy Van Praagh has written: "Time drew nearer and nearer to the first night, but still Pearl did not learn the part. At last, a week before the performance, she said she could not do it. Tudor immediately said he would use me, but Madame Rambert was not sure that I was suitable or ready for such an important rôle. Tudor insisted and eventually Madame agreed."

The ballet was first produced at the Mercury Theatre on January 26, 1936, with Maude Lloyd as Caroline, the bride-to-be; Hugh Laing as her lover; Antony Tudor as the Man-she-must-Marry; and Peggy Van Praagh as the Woman-in-his-Past. The ballet was moderately well received, although no one acclaimed it as a masterpiece — after all who could be expected to be looking for masterpieces at the tiny Mercury Theatre, as masterpiece was in those days almost a copyright term only to be used of Massine and the Ballets Russes? Arnold Haskell, to take a characteristic example, never did see very much in the ballet, and it does not find so much as a mention in any of his pre-war books.

The time came when Tudor wanted his own company, and in the summer of 1937 he formed Dance Theatre in association with Agnes de Mille. This company opened on June 14 in Oxford, traditional home of lost causes, and closed precisely one week later. The first night programme included a revival of *Jardin aux Lilas,* with scenery and costumes once again by Stevenson, and danced by Monica Boam, Laing, Van Praagh and Tudor.

Over a year later Tudor was able to raise the funds to get his company going again, and now called the London Ballet it opened at the Toynbee Hall Theatre on December 5 1938. *Jardin aux Lilas* was revived on the first night, this time with the original cast.

This initial phase in the history of the London Ballet came to an end in the summer of 1939, when Tudor was invited by Richard Pleasant in New York to participate in the opening season of Ballet Theatre. Apart from the opportunity it offered of getting his ballets a wider showing, Tudor was also attracted to America by the chance of raising funds for his own company in England, and it was his intention to return to the London Ballet as soon as he had fulfilled his New York contract. (Curiously enough it seems that Pleasant originally wanted Ashton for his new company and, according to *Dance to the Piper,* was only persuaded to substitute Tudor at the prompting of Agnes de Mille.) The outbreak of war in September 1939 seemed to finish the whole project, but to his surprise Tudor was granted a passport to America and he left, more or less according to schedule, together with Hugh Laing and Andrée Howard.

There was no time to mount a new ballet, so Tudor revived three of his earlier works. The first performance of *Jardin aux Lilas* — here called *Lilac Garden* — was on January 15, 1940, and the cast included Viola Essen, Hugh Laing, Karen Conrad and Tudor himself. The décor and costumes were by Raymond Sovey, "after sketches by Hugh Stevenson," and this production was first seen in London at Covent Garden on July 3, 1946, when the cast included Nora Kaye, Laing, Alicia Alonso and Tudor.

The 1940 production of *Jardin aux Lilas* was a smash-hit, immediately establishing Tudor as among the leading choreographers of the day. In *The Borzoi Book of Ballets,* Grace Roberts writes : "The opening programmes of Ballet Theatre — coltish versions of the classics varied by the dreary ineptitudes of *The Great American Goof* — had not seemed especially promising. Here, following a bad start, was an authentic and original work of art with a simplicity and directness that had an almost universal appeal." Finding in New York all the acclamation and opportunity he had lacked in London, Tudor decided to accept Ballet Theatre's offer to stay, and so, with Laing, joined that group of British ex-patriates —

including Markova, Dolin, Franklin and Craske — who played such an important part in the formation of American ballet.

Meanwhile in wartime Britain the London Ballet, now under the joint direction of Peggy Van Praagh and Maude Lloyd, was continuing under considerable difficulty. On December 26, 1939, *Jardin aux Lilas* was revived by Peggy Van Praagh — the first production not personally supervised by Tudor — with a cast including Lloyd, David Paltenghi, Van Praagh and Keith Lester. The ballet remained in the repertory of both the London Ballet — until its eventual extinction — and the Ballet Rambert, where it is to this day one of the keystones of the repertory.

The next new production of the ballet came nearly ten years later in Sweden. In 1949 Tudor was invited to the Royal Opera House in Stockholm to mount ballets and to teach. *Jardin aux Lilas* — with décor and costumes by Endre Nemes — was first presented on November 17, 1949, the cast including Ellen Rasch, Willy Sandberg, Brita Applegren and Gote Stergel. The production, never seen in England, was highly praised at the time, yet unaccountably was soon allowed to lapse from the repertory.

Tudor's association with Ballet Theatre eventually petered out, and when first Hugh Laing and later Nora Kaye joined Balanchine's New York City Ballet, he mounted three works for that company, including a revival of *Lilac Garden*. The first performance was on November 30, 1951, with décor by Horace Armistead and costumes by Karinska. The cast included Kaye, Laing, Tanaquil LeClercq and Tudor. The ballet was included in City Ballet's second Covent Garden season, and the production was first seen in London on July 10, 1952, when the cast included Kaye, Laing, LeClercq and Brooks Jackson.

The most recent production of the work has been by the Canadian National Ballet. It was first mounted by the Company's director, Celia Franca, but was subsequently rehearsed by Tudor himself. The first performance took place in Toronto on January 19, 1953, and the cast included Lois Smith, David Adams, Celia Franca and James Ronaldson. The décor and costumes were by Kay Ambrose. Remembering the key position occupied by *Lilac Garden* in the early seasons of *Ballet Theatre*, it is interesting to note Herbert Whittaker's comment in the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, when he said: "It is a work which brings the company to stature and sophistication." This production, like the Swedish, has never been seen in England, but Lillian Moore (writing in *The Dancing Times*) on the performances at Ted Shawn's Jacob's Pillow Festival in 1953, said it "can well stand comparison with more experienced companies". The Canadian National Ballet deserves the gratitude of the dance world for doing a "Rambert", and keeping Tudor's ballets alive on the American continent.

Jardin aux Lilas has travelled far and wide, it has found itself at home in the Mercury Theatre, the Metropolitan Opera House, Covent Garden and even America's vast Lewisohn Stadium, and found its response in the hearts of people everywhere. The story — the real story — has ended before the ballet begins, and we are shown four people at a painfully insignificant moment of destiny. Here are four characters caught at a crossroads, caught at that vital moment of resolution after which life will never be the same again.

The girl is called Caroline, a young Edwardian beauty, upper middle-class, ardent, headstrong and unemancipated. She is being forced — presumably by her parents — to marry a man she does not love. A party is being given in honour of her forthcoming marriage, and among the guests are her fiancé, the young man she really loves and her fiancé's now discarded mistress. In the lilac garden, through which the guests pass to and fro from the party in the house, Caroline tries to steal a few moments alone with her lover for a last farewell embrace. The furtive encounters of Caroline and her lover (is he already married? we are not told) are continually being interrupted by the intrusion of the other guests. Ironically adding to the confusion are the fiancée's farewells to his former mistress. The cross-currents of emotion swirl round in the summer night, until the time comes for the last parting. Cheated of a final embrace by the presence of the others, Caroline's lover thrusts a sprig of lilac into her deadened hand as she leaves on the complacent, almost fatherly arm, of the man she must marry.

The literary flavour of *Jardin aux Lilas* has suggested a number of writers to various commentators, including Proust and Maupassant. Proust? — well certainly Caroline will never smell the scent of lilac without time past flooding back in sad remembrance. And Maupassant? — yes, there is here a wry irony, an unsentimental sentimentality, an evocative feeling for place and time. Yet this is — and the occurrence is still rare enough to note — fundamentally a ballet, and its theme and atmosphere could not really be conveyed in any other medium. It is a realistic work carried out with an impressionist technique, and if it is post-Proust it is also post-Freud, for this was one of the first "psychological" ballets.

Tudor no more invented the psychological ballet than Freud invented psychology, but labels, particularly those bearing faintly disapproving inscriptions, have a habit of sticking. It was 20th-century psychological thought that made people realise, intellectually as opposed to instinctively, the power of the unconscious, and the conception that involuntary gestures could be more revealing of character and motive than the outside façade of speech and deportment that a man consciously presents to the world.

"Tudor noticed everything," Madame Rambert once told me, "he would see you sitting there, twisting, twisting your pencil as we talk." Tudor noticed everything — all those little give-away moments where the mind stops short and the muscles take over. It is his use of involuntary gesture that gives his characterisation such an astonishing truthfulness. Time and again in *Jardin aux Lilas*, Tudor produces ballet's equivalent of the *mot juste*; the fugitive gesture of sympathy made by one of the guests, more percipient than the rest, who comprehends the situation; the animal desperation of the rejected mistress as she throws herself, literally, at the Fiancé; the Fiancé's placatory patting of Caroline's hand as he leads her off; the Lover's final tortured pose of enclosed anguish. Then, somewhat similar to these instances, is that incredible moment in the ballet when time stands still for Caroline, and the entire party freezes into timeless immobility while the music agonisingly rises to despairing ecstasy.

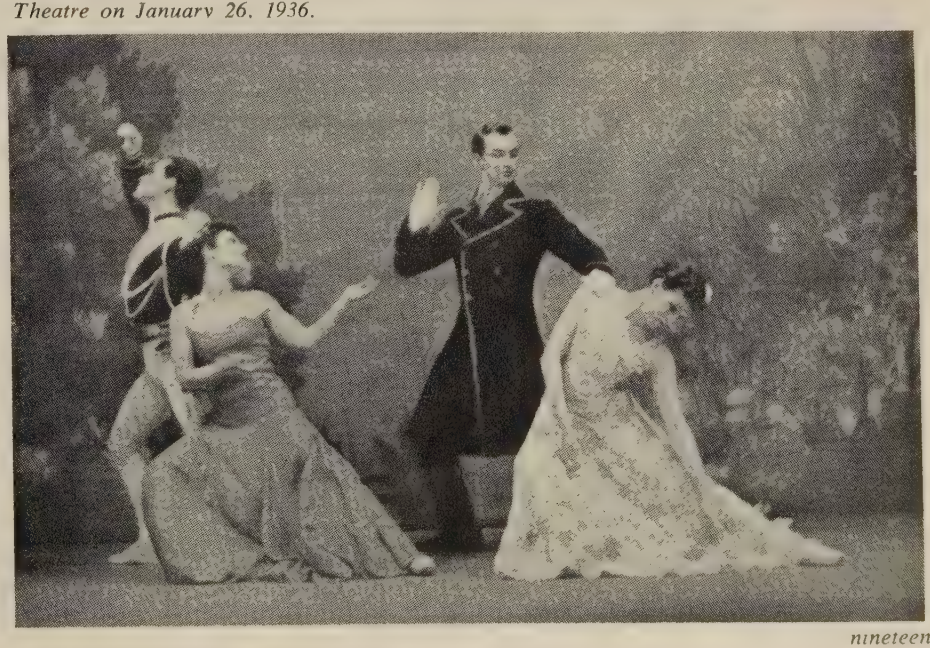
Let me stress that Tudor's use of gesture was not original — Noverre, Viganó, Fokine and almost certainly others had all been instinctively aware of it — and even his use of a shifting time sequence, which was linked with his general approach to music, possibly has a precedent, but *Jardin aux Lilas* was the first time such devices had been used completely consciously, and the truth of this assertion can best be demonstrated by considering later Tudor ballets (for example *Dim Lustre* and *Undertow*), where they are made even more explicit.

Tudor is a classical choreographer, but one normally very chary of extraneous dance invention. Unlike his great contemporaries, Ashton and Balanchine, Tudor rejects any steps that perform just a decorative or spectacular function, and this is not, as some either violently pro or con his work would have us believe, indicative of his exquisite taste on the one hand, or of his inventive poverty on the other. There are many ways to make a ballet, and Tudor chooses a simple, direct dance vocabulary, richly poetic in its dance images, yet unsurprising in its turn of phrase. It is something of the difference — and I know the analogy is a poor one — between Milton and Shakespeare in their use of language, just language and not characterisation.

The structure of *Jardin aux Lilas* is extra-

Continued on page 28

ORIGINAL CAST: Right to left: Maude Lloyd, as Caroline, Antony Tudor as The Man She Must Marry, Peggy Van Praagh as The Woman In His Past, and Hugh Laing as Caroline's Lover. This is the cast when the ballet was first given at the Mercury Theatre on January 26, 1936.



IBERIA IN LONDON : 1

The Art of Carmen Amaya

by PETER WILLIAMS

Photographed by JOHN COWAN

On March 28, Carmen Amaya returned to London for the third time. This season at the Westminster Theatre is the first of several seasons of Spanish dance that will take place in London this summer. The companies to appear are those of Pilar Lopez and later of José Greco in addition to the appearances of Susana and José. All will be dealt with in this series.

SOME Spanish gypsy dancers spend the whole of their careers in the theatre trying to convince their impresarios and their public that they are not, in fact, gypsies at all; for some reason they seem ashamed of their noble ancestry. Then there are others, some of whom hail from no environment more exotic than the London suburbs, who dye their hair black and achieve some kind of sun-baked look, possibly acquired from a sun-lamp in the drawing-room, call themselves Spanish-sounding names like Rosita, Lolita or Carmencita, and then try and convince the gullible public that Spanish Romany blood is truly coursing through their veins. It is this sort of phoniness that has brought the art of the Spanish gypsies, and of the Andalusian gypsies in particular, into disrepute.

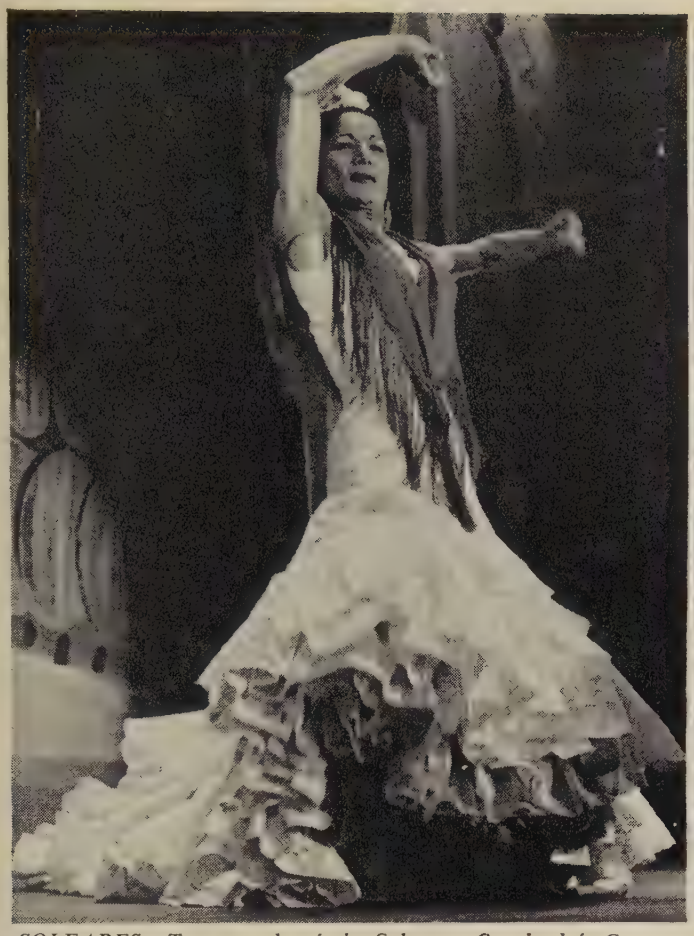
But about Carmen Amaya there need be no doubts, for she is a great dancer and is all-gypsy — and no bones about that. She was born in Granada and, like many another gypsy child, became infected by the rhythms of her race and instinctively started to dance at an age when our classically-trained dancers would still have been puking in a play-pen. By the time Carmen was nine she was already established; at that age she had found her way to Paris and was appearing in a revue built around that lovely artist — Raquel Meller. Over the next ten years or so, Carmen became famous across Spain. Known as "La Capitana", her fiery personality ruled the cabarets and taverns where gypsies play. She also ruled the Amaya tribe and aunts, uncles, nephews, nieces and grandparents were whipped up into a state of excitement and became involved in her appearances in different ways according to their varied and considerable talents. By the time "La Capitana" was 21 she had gathered bits of her family together and crossed the Atlantic to conquer New York. That was in 1941, then seven years later, still with her family, she arrived in London. The war-scarred city was then only too willing to re-embrace the warmth and exoticism of which it had been starved for so many years — and Carmen conquered London also. At the Princes Theatre, where she played, strange things happened to the usually so-correct British. Urged on by the Spanish colony in London, they let themselves go in wild cries — even going as far as to throw hats, caps and flowers on to the stage. Her second season in London was more glossy, with less spontaneity, and seemed altogether too contrived and was anyway in a far too big theatre. Her third, and present, London season has found the happy medium. Having shed all the members of her family apart from a nephew, who is the son of Paco the guitarist, she appears far more in her element in the village-hall-like theatre which is the Westminster. She has surrounded herself with a personable group many of whose members have certain potential talent. It is all more disciplined, but Carmen herself has lost nothing over the years.

It has often been said that Carmen is one of the greatest flamenco dancers alive. This is only a half-truth which gives a rather cock-eyed view of the great and mystic art of flamenco. Anyway, what is flamenco and where lie its origins?

Like many things in Spain, the source and origin is mysterious and obscure and the truth lies somewhere buried beneath the sand of Andalusia. It has been said that

BULERIAS : Carmen Amaya in the Bulerias *which she sings and dances. On the right is seen the guitarist, José Motos.*

FANDANGO : Amaya in the Andalusian dance with which she opens her performance.



SOLEARES: Two moods of the Soleares. *On the left Carmen Amaya expresses the lamentation of the gypsies; on the right, her dance expresses joy.*

when the Archduke Charles arrived from the Netherlands to be crowned Charles I of Spain, in the 16th century, his followers became known as "Flamencos" because of their Flemish origin. Apparently these followers seized upon most of what they saw and the Andalusians, who have a special brand of humour of their own, applied this name to their gypsies, who had many similar characteristics. It has also been said that the name may have originated from the Moorish peasants who had special songs for their work, similar in a way to Negro convicts in America, and these songs were incorporated into local folklore after the expulsion of the Moors from the southern part of the Iberian peninsula. There is undoubted truth in both these beliefs and there seems no doubt whatsoever that flamenco songs and dances, as we know them today, originated in the Andalusian villages where for centuries their remoteness had caused song and dance to be an integral part of peasant life. Those who know this fascinating region will immediately recognise how much this music, with its strong Oriental leaning, mirrors the character, thoughts and behaviour of the inhabitants. When the gypsies saw that these songs and dances could become commercial entertainment, they seized upon them and added their own grace. The development of this art over the centuries has brought with it certain refinements. At its highest, flamenco has the inherent dignity of Oriental dancing, which does not mean to say that it lacks any

ALEGRIAS: For her final number, Carmen Amaya dances in trousers and performs a brilliant Alegrías.

smouldering fire or even erotic quality; it is simply that things are kept within bounds.

Flamenco can be vibrantly feminine or the most masculine of any dancing in the world. Where I feel that Carmen Amaya fails to touch the heights of flamenco is that though she is all-woman she never brings the femininity of the greatest gypsy artists such as must have been the case with a "La Macarrona", "La Malena" or a Pastora Imperio. Carmen approaches her art like a man and she dances with all the fire of a man and with a great deal more speed than is the case with many male Spanish dancers. She has developed something that is entirely personal to herself and made her dancing extremely theatrical. Anything stately or undulating would be entirely contrary to her naturally dynamic and ebullient character. Yet she can keep this personality within bounds, as can be seen from moments of magnificent majesty in her *Soleares,* and she never resorts to the cheap and vulgar, to the hysteria and clatter which is so often passed off as "authentic" by inferior artists.

Although still comparatively young, Carmen has the ageless face which appears to have been hewn out of the scorched rock of Andalusia — almost like some primeval deity. It has grandeur in its planes and is, in fact, slightly limited in expression, although frequently it breaks into delicious dry humour. Her spare and compact body is the most perfectly attuned instrument and you get the impression that there is not one particle of it that is not under immediate and absolute control. Her speed in *zapateado* is greater than almost any man alive; her hands are so dry in her *palmas* and *pitos* that they sound like a volley of bullets fired at some hard unresisting object. She never looks better than when she appears in trousers and must be the only woman in the world who can dance as she does in these all-revealing garments without causing a second of embarrassment — many women look fine in trousers from the front but when they turn around . . .!

In her first programme at the Westminster Theatre she gives five numbers which collectively contain the very essence of Carmen Amaya's very personal development of, and approach to, the art of flamenco. From the moment she enters, with the proud strut of a Matador, it is obvious just why she was called "La Capitana". The fact that her red dress is not very becoming is immediately forgotten as she swirls and stamps her variations of the *Fandango.* This dance, whose music is of Moorish descent, is typical of Andalusia and over the centuries the different regions of that province have developed their own variations whose main object is to display style of bodily movement and incredibly intricate footwork. Brilliant as Carmen is in this, and it is a formidable display of technique, I feel that she lacks a sensuous quality and somehow the dress never becomes a part of the dance. In a way this same criticism could be applied in her next solo, *Soleares.* That long flounced train, whose serpentine coils should be an extension of the body, is an integral part of this dance, generally considered to be the original source of *cante flamenco.* Yet Carmen has replaced sensuousness with something that is in a way far grander. With her arms raised her whole presence suggests the remoteness of the plains and the mountains of her country. One gets the impression that, come flood and earthquake, and the collapse of the Triana bridge over the Guadalquivir (a symbol in Andalusia as important as the Eiffel Tower or the Statue of Liberty in other countries), she will remain as symbolic of the earth's endurance. In the space of a few moments she can convey the contrasting sorrow and joy which is such an essential part of the Spanish character and of the gypsies in particular. To be able to achieve this in dance is obviously to have reached the pinnacle of art.

The humour and joy of the gypsies is conveyed no more clearly than in the *Bulerías* which she sings and dances later in the programme. Here the rhythms and counterpoint are very complex and it is wonderful to watch and hear how Carmen, with her eyes, shoulders and hands, points every line. Though possibly not one member of the audience understands one word of flamenco the humour is infectious and in a few moments she can have them in stitches.

Finally, for her *Alegrías,* Carmen comes on in trousers. She seems more relaxed and it is as though she says "thank heaven we have got rid of those stupid dresses, now we can get down to business". After an exhausting evening with a lot of dancing, added to the fact that she runs the company also and must be faced with innumerable problems during the actual performance, you would think that this is the moment that a dancer would start to wilt. With gypsies it seems to act in reverse — they seem listless and tired at the beginning of a performance and then get their power and energy as the night progresses. The *Alegrías* was the favourite dance of artists such as La Macarrona and La Gamba, and although I never saw them I feel sure that their approach was somewhat different to Carmen, especially in regard to dress, but I still feel that none of them could have brought the breathtaking speed and dash in the *zapateado* and in the remarkable turns that are unique to Carmen. It is in this number that I feel Carmen is at her height and it crystallises all that I have been trying to say about her essentially masculine approach. Just as a great virtuoso ballerina will add her own particular brilliance, and the side of her art in which she is most proficient, to the classical vocabulary, so has Carmen embellished the art of flamenco. The trouble with such people is that what they do is so personal that it should never be imitated by others — all too often it is. If the flower in Carmen's hair should drop, in the general excitement, upon the stage, it is perfectly in order because it is all an essential part of her; in others it merely becomes sloppy and bad form. Some flamenco dancers are a lesson to watch, but Carmen is the out and out performer, and from her a few cartwheels and handstands would not seem out of place. But woe betide anyone else who tried to copy her !

THE RETURN OF PILAR LOPEZ : Surrounded by some of her company Pilar Lopez also dances an Alegrías *(Carmen Amaya in this same dance can be seen in the picture on the previous page) in her revival of the flamenco scene, made famous by her sister Argentinita,* Café de Chinitas. *This is one of the numbers that Pilar Lopez and her company will give during their present season at the Princes Theatre. Next month "Iberia in London : 2" will have as its subject the season of Pilar Lopez as well as that of Susana and José at the Sadler's Wells Theatre. Photo : Pic.*

EL DESTINO : *Toumanova in a lift with Oukhtomsky.*
Photo : Seymour Grey.

GAMAYOUN : *Toumanova and Oukhtomsky in a* pas de deux *based on a Russian legend similar to* The Firebird.
Photo : Annemarie Heinrich.

TOUMANOVA in Concert Form

by A. V. COTON

TOUMANOVA'S four-week season at Sadler's Wells included familiar works by Fokine and Lifar and arrangements by some lesser-known choreographers such as Boretsky, Clustine, Gousev, Hernandez — and Toumanova herself. Her partner was Wladimir Oukhtomsky, and an orchestra of modest size was provided. On paper it looked possible, for she enjoys a world reputation, is occasionally a guest at the Paris Opéra, and has worked with companies of quality and choreographers of genius. We recalled the marvel of her best work in the De Basil years: then she stood level not only with Baronova and Riabouchinska, but with experienced soloists and deputy ballerinas such as Morosova, Delarova, Tarakanova and Kirsova. We were ready to be pleased and we hoped to be thrilled.

The snare that the recital-type programme sets before the feet of any ballerina became obvious before the first interval of the first performance. Without the (unconscious) distractions provided by surrounding dancers and décor, as in a ballet performed by a company, our attention is microscopically concentrated on to every second's worth of what goes on. The stage transforms into the equivalent of an aquarium filled with crystal-clear water in which the fish display every ripple of a muscle, every flicker of a fin. Nothing — but nothing! — can miss our attention. Therefore dancing of less than perfect technical smoothness, mime which is forced or stiff, shows its weakness all too clearly.

The star items were the *Don Quixote pas de deux* in Oboukhoff's arrangement and *The Dying Swan,* neither performed with complete brilliance nor suavity. A later programme offered *Romeo and Juliet,* Lifar's best version of this passion-drama to Tchaikovsky's score. It was the best thing on view, for Toumanova got right inside the skin of the rôle and lived out the action completely. (The rôle in Lifar's conception is not of a daughter of Verona but of a Pushkin-type heroine who exists only to fulfil a tragic destiny.) The majority of other items emphasised the main defect of the whole venture: Toumanova's personal style — grandly flamboyant, with fine *bravura* in attack, laden with imperious gesture — needs choreography brilliantly measured and tailored to her dance personality.

The three programmes (the fourth week was cancelled) were filled with object-lessons on How Not To Compose Dances — by a majority of the choreographers represented. Too many of their efforts showed a lack of sense of proportion; for the acceptable vocabulary in use for this type of classical *divertissement* is so small (*pirouettes,* supported *arabesques en tournant,* lifts, *jetés,* is about the full catalogue) that each dance has to be composed as exactly as a sonnet: literally syllable by syllable with the correct amount of emphasis on each one.

When dancing the familiar classic *pas de deux (Casse Noisette, Dying Swan, Don Quixote, The Sleeping Beauty)* she showed something of the "Maryinsky manner", i.e., that method of presentation that she developed deliberately and also unconsciously from working with so many Russian choreographers active in the period 1900-1940. Their recollections and impressions of, *inter alia,* Legnani, Geltzer, Kshessinska, Egorova, and later, Karsavina, Astafieva, Dubrovska, were carried over into the characterisations they envisaged in their choreography. As a "manner" it may seem a little too grand for us nowadays — but, in a dancer presenting it, it is not affectation, it is the way in which this sort of dancing should be presented.

What Toumanova had obviously not realised is that the grand manner cannot stand alone; it can function only inside excellently inventive choreography which receives fine musical accompaniment and which is also served by male dancing as exact and suave as that for the ballerina.

Toumanova's sincerity is never in doubt and I believe she planned this season with fair hope of making an artistic success. No dancer can simultaneously be a sensible artistic director; a friendly adviser should have subjected this repertoire to close scrutiny in rehearsal. Even her best friend could not fail to point out that nine-tenths of her programme was — choreographically speaking — unworthy of a self-respecting artist. That was the single error behind the organisation of this season.

WHAT IS DIFFERENT ABOUT THIS CLASS? It appears to be quite a usual class at the Royal Ballet School with Bryan Ashbridge, Beriosova, Nerina, Antoinette Sibley being corrected by Dame Ninette de Valois, and Georgina Parkinson. But the difference will be seen in the female figure, seen reflected in the mirror, seated on the left. For solution see caption below. Photo : Fox Photos.

curtain up!

That Panama Incident

REVOLUTIONS in Latin-American countries are frequent and should not concern ballet magazines unless they also happen to involve the art of ballet. Some recent events around the Panama Canal zone, however, have a certain interest to ballet in that they concern no less a person than Dame Margot Fonteyn. If anyone had doubts about the news value of ballerinas then this incident should put that little doubt to bed for good and all. While the world press splurged banner headlines about the incident (first calling her "Dame Margot", then "Fonteyn" and finally just "Margot"), the coverage in every paper started to take on the character of an adventure serial in a schoolgirls' magazine.

PRINCESS MARGARET seen talking to Beriosova and Nerina after the class, shown in the picture above, which was given when she attended the opening of the new studios of the Royal Ballet School at Baron's Court.
Photo : Fox Photos.

Where the real truth really lies I just would not know, but if anything in the press is to be believed then it read something like this : Dame Margot, on her way back from her New Zealand tour, stopped off in Panama for a holiday with her husband, Dr. Roberto Arias. The two of them were alleged to have gone out to sea to look at a sunken boat full of arms and immediately there was a warrant for Dr. Arias's arrest. Somewhere along the way, Dr. Arias slipped out of the picture and Dame Margot returned to shore alone except for the boatman. After having gone to see the Panamanian President all dressed in white, she too was arrested and given some V.I.P. jail treatment for several hours. On her release she flew to New York and while there, some rather indiscreet letters from a model girl were alleged to have been discovered in Panama. During all this it seemed that Dame Margot's husband was being chased around the Panamanian countryside by the National Guard; her mother, Mrs. Hookham, in endless interviews in various mediums, was expressing typical British sangfroid in her lack of concern about her daughter's safety.

While all this pother raged about, Dame Margot returned to England as cool as the proverbial cucumber expressing concern only, and rather naturally, for her husband's safety.

What were the reactions to all this around the Covent Garden area where lies the Opera House — whose greatest ornament is Dame Margot Fonteyn? Heard from the landlord of the Nag's Head (famous dancers' pub by the Opera House stage door): "We ought to send a bloody battleship. *That* would teach these Panamanians." Heard inside the Opera House from one lady to another: "I see the seats have gone up for Margot Fonteyn."

In Honour of Cyril Beaumont

"IF I were an Emperor, I would crown you with laurels. If I were a King I would knight you. But I am only a choreographer so all I can do is to lay an *enchaînement* at your feet." Thus spoke Frederick Ashton at the end of his speech at the dinner, organised by the Dancers' Circle, in honour of Cyril Beaumont at the Savoy Hotel on April 12. Ashton, who always professes to be a timid public speaker, had made a most witty and charming speech in which he recalled his early encounters with Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont at their shop in Charing Cross Road. As well as Ashton, who represented the Royal Ballet, speeches came from Marie Rambert, for her company, and from A. V. Coton, on behalf of the critics. Others could speak if they were so moved and amongst the "moved" was Carmen Amaya, whose graceful tribute, translated from Spanish by Frederick Ashton, was undoubtedly the most exotic.

It was lucky that all the celebrities present were not so "moved" otherwise we should still be there, for the guest list read like a ballet *Who's Who*. But if they did not arise to their feet and pay vociferous tribute there can have been no doubt about their thoughts, for there can hardly be a single person who writes about ballet today who does not owe this fact to the great pioneering work of Cyril Beaumont. His research and the way in which he brought to light vital books on the art of the dance have made a remarkable contribution to the history of 20th century ballet, and he well deserved this first dinner ever given for a critic by the Dancers' Circle.

Gastronomic note : The Savoy, famous for naming dishes after celebrities, provided a sweet dish — "Le Soufflé Glacé Norwegienne Beaumont".

Expansion in Baron's Court

THE construction of a new motorway between Gloucester Road and London Airport is not the only new thing going on

in the area that lies on the fringes of Hammersmith. On this motorway, in Baron's Court, lies the Royal Ballet School, and this block of buildings, which includes the studio of the late Nicholas Legat, has been undergoing considerable reconstruction.

On April 28, the day after she had returned from her private visit with her mother to Rome and Paris, Princess Margaret paid a visit to the school to see the opening. She was shown a class, and a very difficult one, in the new studio. This was given by Dame Ninette de Valois and she had chosen 18 dancers of the Royal Ballet to instruct. Having lost her voice, after a cold she contracted on her foreign trip, Princess Margaret was not able to make a speech to the company, but she was able to carry on an animated conversation with Frederick Ashton, who sat next to her throughout the demonstration class.

Antipodean Aftermath

FEW companies travel abroad for any length of time and come back quite as they went away, and the touring section of the Royal Ballet returned to England on April 22 minus some of its members left behind in Australia or New Zealand. Patricia Cox and her husband, Leslie White, stayed behind in Australia and the Royal Ballet thus loses two very valuable artists.

Anne Heaton, wife of the company's assistant director, John Field, came back, but it seems that she will not be dancing much longer, A recurrent foot trouble means that she may have to give up the dance altogether after the present provincial tour. Readers will, I know, be extremely sorry about this. Anne was the first principal dancer of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet when it was formed and a great future was predicted for her. This same foot trouble has stopped her from reaching the position she seemed so obviously set for, though when her foot allowed she has given some very distinguished performances in a number of classics and contemporary works.

Silence Need Not be Golden

IN the days of Metropolitan Ballet, the company that produced so many stars who have since become world-famous, the dancers started a practice that has since been followed by other companies. Members of the Metropolitan were the first British company to concoct a revue form of entertainment given privately, in which they burlesqued other members of their profession. In one of these revues, a young Nottingham boy, then in the *corps de ballet,* proved that he could put over a revue number as well as the best of them. For some years this boy, Geoffrey Webb, continued as a dancer with various companies until he went into the original cast of *The Boy Friend.* During the phenomenal run of that 'twenties burlesque he also took singing lessons and, in a recent revue, *For Adults Only,* he sang as well as danced, giving a brilliant impersonation of the early movie singing star — Dick Powell. One of the many surprises in the John Osborne musical, *The World of Paul Slickey,* was the discovery that Geoffrey has developed the kind of personality that can dominate any musical. In the rôle of a reporter, he can hold his own with stars of the calibre of Dennis Lotis.

happy birthday to...

		June
Elsa Recagno	Ballet Rambert	22
Debra Wayne	Royal Ballet I	22
John Chesworth	Ballet Rambert	22
Doreen Wells	Royal Ballet I	25
Celia Franca	Canadian National Ballet	25
Norman Dixon		26
Christopher Newton	Royal Ballet I	26
Brian Shaw	Royal Ballet I	28
Henning Kronstam	Royal Danish Ballet	29
Valerie Taylor	Royal Ballet II	30
		July
Leslie Caron	In Films	1
Kirsten Simone	Royal Danish Ballet	1
Robert Ito	Canadian National Ballet	2
Simon Mottram	Royal Ballet II	3
Beverly Sims	American Ballet Theatre	4
John Hart	Royal Ballet I	4
Leo Duggan	American Ballet Theatre	5
Carolyn Fey	Ballet Rambert	6
Katerina Evanova	Canadian National Ballet	10
Fredda Maurice	American Ballet Theatre	13
Brenda Bolton	Royal Ballet I	14
Anita Landa	London's Festival Ballet	14
Royes Fernandez	American Ballet Theatre	15
Joanne Nisbet	London's Festival Ballet	15
Patricia Wilde	New York City Ballet	16
Penelope Winter	Canadian National Ballet	17
Joan Cadzow	Dancing in Paris	17
Daphne Dale	De Cuevas International Ballet	18
Anne Negus	Teaching in England	21
Angela Bayley	Teaching in Holland	22
Julia Farron	Royal Ballet I	22
Jennifer Gay	Royal Ballet I	22

WHEN DANCERS SING: Stella Claire and Geoffrey Webb in a number from the John Osborne musical, The World of Paul Slickey. *Photo: Alec Murray.*

Dancer You Will Know

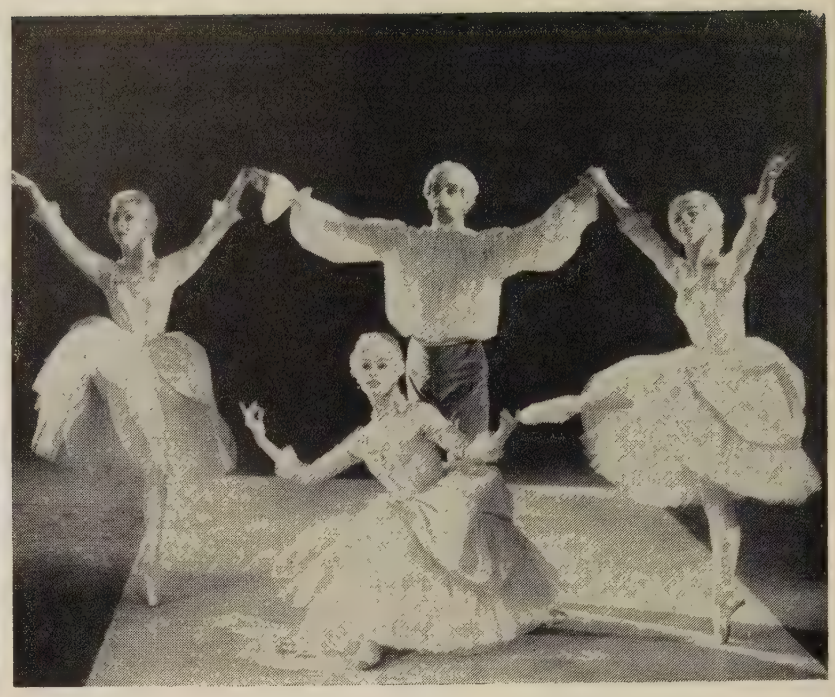
JUNE SANDBROOK

BORN in Birmingham, and started to dance in Tasmania at the age of 13. In 1953 she returned to England and continued her studies at the Rambert School. Two years later she entered the Company, and in 1958 became a listed soloist.
Rôles: Peasant Pas de Deux *in* Giselle; *Dawn in* Coppélia; *Milkmaid in* Façade; *First solo in* Dark Elegies; *The Maiden in* Death and the Maiden; *Peter* in Peter and the Wolf; *White Girl in* Winter Night; *Cerrito in* Pas des Déesses; *The Girl in* Mirror.

OVER the years there has developed in British ballet an almost distinctive classification of dancer — "the Rambert soloist". Partly through the influence of Rambert herself, as teacher, director and producer, and partly through the exceptional demands of the Rambert repertory, generation after generation of dancer has been produced, all showing some particular quality, perhaps indefinable in itself, yet made up in part of an emotional awareness, superb stagecraft and a notable manner of absorption in all their characterisations. The list of such dancers could be extended almost indefinitely — some have found fame outside the Rambert group, some have shone in that group for a few years and then retired — but it is a distinguished assembly and one of the more recent recruits to its elect ranks is June Sandbrook.

Although she had previously appeared in solo rôles with some success, it was the Rambert's summer season at the Sadler's Wells Theatre in 1958 which first brought her into prominence, and she gave a notable series of performances in a wide variety of parts. As Cerrito in Joffrey's *Pas des Déesses* she showed a charming sense of period style which was reflected in her performance of the *Giselle* peasant *pas de deux.* Her *port de bras* is especially attractive, and she proved impressive as the bright-doomed Maiden in Howard's *Death and the Maiden.*

MOSES: *Naomi Benari Hadda, as Moses' mother, in her own ballet. With her is Carol Jordan as Pharaoh's daughter.*



PETITE SUITE ROCOCO: *Robert de Warren, surrounded by Margaret Lyons, Deirdre Dixon and Ann Howard in his ballet to Gluck music.*

Photos: Norman Taylor.

Fifth Round on Sunday

PETER WILLIAMS reviews the fifth programme of Sunday Ballet Club which was given at Wyndham's Theatre, on April 6, 1959

THE Sunday Ballet Club went into its second year with a mixed record behind it. Some people are of the impression that the whole enterprise is worthless, some say that it lacks an artistic policy, some appear to think that it is only an extension of the Royal Ballet's activities. Be all this as it may the great thing is that it provides a stage and an audience. If some of the things shown to the audience from that stage, in the first four performances, have not always been up to professional standards — a few have been downright appalling — it was not more than was to be expected. My feelings are, that a lack of stage being one of the greatest obstacles to any sort of development in the theatre, the fact that normal theatre conditions can be provided by Sunday Ballet Club is of the utmost importance to the whole future of ballet in this country.

This is of far more importance than the provision of an audience most of whom come expecting to see a hundred per cent professional show, although it must be admitted that it is the audience who by paying for their seats keep the stage going for the dancers. Another doubtful asset of the Club has been to extend invitations to all the recognised critics, but unfortunately some of these recognised critics do not recognise that what they are seeing should never be judged by those same yardsticks that should, though frequently don't, dictate their appraisal of companies such as the Royal Ballet. Looking at apprentice ballets is very much like looking at old ballet films — both need a certain conditioning of approach to them.

The interesting feature of the fifth programme of Sunday Ballet Club was that four out of the five ballets were choreographed by people who had previously worked there — each of them showed either a tightening up of their previous attempt or a development of another side of their talents.

THE FIRST THIRD

MOSES: *Choreography by Naomi Benari Hadda. Music by David Hadda (played by the Thurloe Ensemble). Designs by Desmond Digby.*

PETITE SUITE ROCOCO: *Choreography and costumes by Robert De Warren. Music by Gluck, arranged by John Woolf.*

THE story of Moses' mother leaving him in the bullrushes and his discovery by Pharaoh's daughter is not exactly an eventful one for a ballet theme, and frankly it was no great shakes as a theatrical spectacle. On the other hand Naomi Hadda has set herself an exercise in narrative and were it given as an after-dinner charade the audience would have no difficulty in guessing that the letter was "M". She had won the first round by getting her idea over and her own dancing, as the Mother reluctant to part with her offspring was expressive and touching. Therefore I consider that she had won round two also.

She conceived the whole thing in what is sometimes ludicrously called "the modern idiom", which means that it was *terre-a-terre* and danced in bare feet. This school is obviously the right one for the theme, so perhaps she won round three also. At this point you might say that as the work was so slight there were never any rounds anyway, but if treated purely as an exercise, and exercises are one of the functions of the S.B.C., then I think you could say that she had won her point. The score sounded rather strident but not unsuitable while the simple décor, if hardly necessary (clever lighting would have done just as well), was effective in its opening moments.

The second work, also Robert de Warren's second work for the Club, was virtually another exercise. His first creation some months ago to the Liszt Piano Concerto had been overloaded. A lot of people were busy being busy all the time and nothing emerged. His *Petite Suite Rococo* went almost to the other extreme and was for four people — de Warren himself, Deirdre Dixon, Margaret Lyons and Ann Howard. It was an 18th century *The Pas de Quatre* and in a way I feel that it would have been more interesting had de Warren kept more in the period and called his ladies Camargo, Sallé or Guimard.

Learning from the mistakes of his first work, de Warren had certainly whittled down his movement and got down to more basic choreography though he could still use repose better. I get the impression that he feels he *must* keep his dancers moving all the time and this detracts from some of the variations he has devised for the girls. What really emerges from this slight *divertissement* is a decided sense of style not only from the choreography but from each of the four dancers. The costumes designed by the choreographer were charming and gave the whole thing a boudoir elegance. The great mistake of both pieces in this first group was that the choreographers themselves danced in their own works. I am certain that in the early stages of choreographic development it is absolutely essential for the choreographer to be able to stand back and see exactly what he or she has created. When you are so much an integral part of the performance it is humanly impossible to get an all-over picture of the work. If Sunday Ballet Club hopes to become an important force in developing choreographers then it should take a very firm stand on this point.

SECOND THIRD

DISENCHANTMENT: *Choreography by Clover Roope. Music by John White, Costumes by Dorrit Dekk.*

RUMANISCHE VOLKSTANZE: *Choreography by Meriel Evans. Music by Bela Bartok. Costumes by Dennis Higbee.*

THIS second group of works was entirely in the hands of members of the Royal

Ballet. Both were slight works and again both could be considered to be a form of exercise.

Two performances ago, Clover Roope created a light-hearted work about some schoolgirls in Paris. It was generally acclaimed as the most satisfactory of all the works given by the Club — its basic construction was good, she showed an ability to use her dancers well and also of how to use the stage. But this *Gaîeté Parisienne* type of ballet leaves me icily cold — even when Massine attempts it — and I was determined to remain unimpressed until I had seen something further from her. Now with a work that obviously has not so much popular appeal I find myself extremely impressed because she has shown that not only has she a very sound idea as to what choreography is about, but also that she can convey a mood within the framework of her choreographic invention.

She has set herself a most difficult task — that of creating a *pas de deux* that has a slight narrative. In this, even the world's most famous and experienced choreographers have been known to fail. Using two dancers (Brenda Bolton and Keith Rosson), Clover Roope shows the ecstasy of young love and how it can suddenly go sour and turn to bitterness. Apart from an unsuccessful ending when the music stops and the boy walks sadly away — a fault of production more than anything else — the choreography is inventive and admirably used to convey the work's varying moods. She also has a sound sense of music. There is a tendency occasionally to be too clever in movement, but this is a fault far less noticeable than in some of the early works of most of Britain's post-war choreographers. Her next step is obviously to create a longer work in this particular vein, using more characters and a small *ensemble*. If the S.B.C. can develop this girl on the lines she should go, then it will have done a fine service. Now that she has got all that Parisian flim-flam out of her system she can move on to better things.

But if Roope used her dancers well she was also well-served by them, as Brenda Bolton has a beautiful quality and Keith Rosson has fine elevation and proved to be an admirable partner even if in his disenchanted moments he looked more agonised than bewildered and hurt. About John White's score I find it hard to remember much except that it underlined the mood of the choreography, which is presumably what he intended to do.

The case of Meriel Evans' *Rumanische Volkstanze* is a rather special one. It was not intended to be an S.B.C. creation but a *pas de quatre* to go in the concert programmes to be given in Kenya by Doreen Wells, Christine Beckley, Graham Usher and Petrus Bosman. These four dancers will take a concert repertory to Africa during the Royal Ballet's holidays.

Now works created for concerts cannot be looked on in the same light as ballets created with a view to their going into a usual ballet repertory and the peculiar circumstances governing such performances have to be taken into consideration. Bearing all this in mind I think that this light-hearted burlesque of national folk dancers would prove an exhilarating antidote to an evening of classical *soli* and *pas de deux*. It had much of the wit of some of the numbers from Ashton's *Facade* and a particularly funny solo by Christine Beckley as a gawky village girl intent on seduction. There were many slight exaggerations — such as turned-up feet — that is what burlesque at its best should be, and Meriel Evans has shown that she has carefully observed the peculiarities of folklore manifestations. The four dancers gave the whole thing with verve and a sense of the ridiculous. If as a whole it showed no particular development of Meriel Evans's choreographic talent it seemed to achieve just what it set out to do.

FINAL THIRD

THE CORD: *Choreography by Norman Dixon. Music by Ernst Toch (Symphony No. 3). Costumes designed by Ronald Yerrell. Settings designed by Stanley Houghton.*

THIS is the sort of ballet that the S.B.C. audience expects to see — emotional works with a strong dramatic story. Dixon, previously a Rambert principal dancer, originally created a work for the Club — *Voice in the Wilderness* — which had great promise and a certain Tudoresque quality. This new ballet used the theme of Mother domination. A Mother (Ann Horn) dotes on her son (John Parsons), who is all she has while her husband is away at the war. With the husband's return the son gets more neglected, though as he grows up (in the shape of Gary Burne) the Mother's hold over him still persists and she comes between his attachment for a Young Girl (Antoinette Sibley). The cord that binds mother to son also strangles their love.

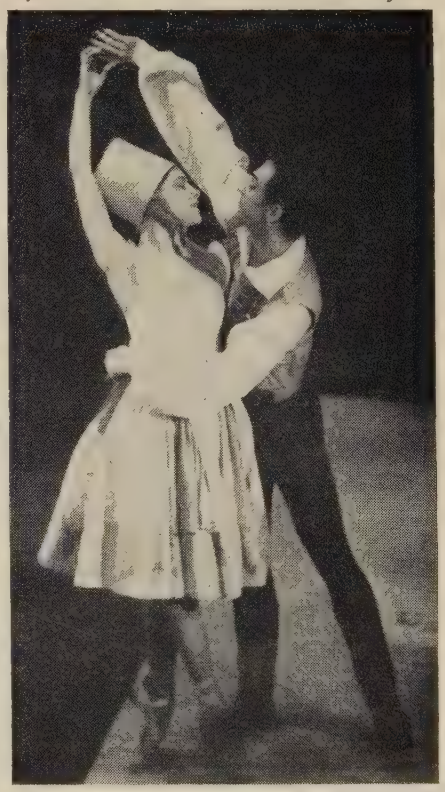
Dixon's idea is a good one and he has gone about putting it over in a very professional way. He was at his most successful in the opening scenes when the relationship between the mother and son was established. A slight fault here is that the mother's opening moments, when she merely waits for her son to return from his kindergarten, are over-dramatic — one gets the feeling that she is awaiting some terrifying and momentous event. The work rather falls to pieces around the middle and the grown-up son's love for the young girl seems almost a part of another ballet as also does a scene when the son seeks the Young Girl at a ball. It is this loose construction which causes the ballet to lack the all-over integrity of his former creation. Another serious fault is that it all ends too abruptly. Doubtless this was dictated by the music, but possibly the omission of the extraneous ballroom scene would have given Dixon more music with which to build up his climax. The work abounds in little sensitive touches which make me feel that Dixon has the potential of becoming an important dramatic choreographer. Both to this idea and to his relationship of choreography with music he brings a rare intelligence.

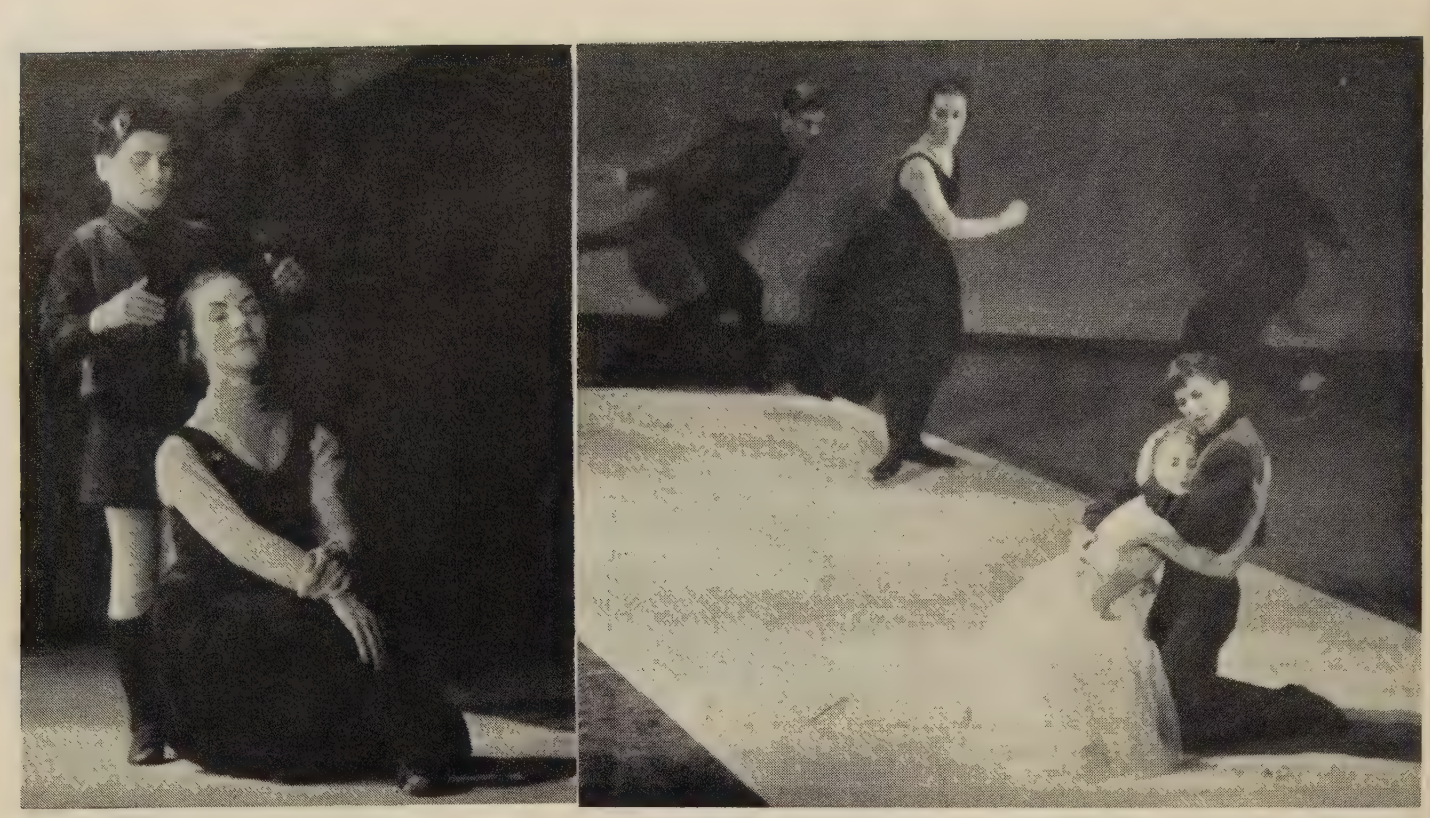
The performances by all the principals were mainly good. As the Mother, Ann Horn, who seldom gives anything other than a good performance, seemed rather too forceful where it would seem that a little more subtlety was called for. Whether this was her fault or a direction fault on Dixon's part I would not know, but it nevertheless amounted to a powerful interpretation. Sibley, as the young girl, was vivacious, flirtatious and bewildered by her swain's vaccilating affections — in addition she danced with all the purity of line that we have come to expect from her. As the Son when older, Gary Burne was remarkably sensitive for one who has always appeared to be a purely extrovert dancer. There were moments when it seemed that he had not found the hard kernel of his part, but if these ballets had more than one performance it is probable that he would find it and thus enrich his portrayals on the more opulent stage of Covent Garden.

Possibly the most memorable feature of the whole affair was the playing of a young boy from the Arts Educational School as the Son when young. It was fascinating to watch how all the situations were mirrored in the face of this boy, John Parsons. He brought such integrity to it all that it hardly seemed as though he was acting, which is surely what perfect playing in the theatre should be. It is often said that animals and children are the surest scene-stealers in the theatre, but here is a child that should not be judged on account of his tender years but because he has the makings of a fine actor.

DISENCHANTMENT *(above): Keith Rosson and Brenda Bolton in a* pas de deux *by Clover Roope, whose first ballet for Sunday Ballet Club was one of the most successful that has been given.*

RUMANISCHE VOLKSTANZE *(below): Doreen Wells and Graham Usher in Meriel Evans'* pas de quatre *to Bela Bartok music which these two dancers, together with Christine Beckley and Petrus Bosman, will take on a tour of South Africa. Photos: Norman Taylor.*





THE CORD : *Left, Ann Horn as the Mother, her Son, John Parsons. Right, the Son, now grown up in the shape of Gary Burne, is seen with a Young Girl (Antoinette Sibley) while they are watched by the disapproving Mother, Ann Horn.*

Photos : Laurence Josephs.

Dixon's choice of the Toch symphony was a happy one and, apart from the moments already mentioned, fitted the theme like a glove. Ronald Yerrell's costumes were either too stark, for the opening scenes, or too dressy for Sibley and the dancers in the ballroom scene. They should have had a greater unity all through and Sibley's voluminous coat was rather a hindrance. But Stanley Houghton's sets were extremely apt and showed a certain amount of ingenuity, though scenery that has to be moved, as happened with a reversible French window, should be considered with caution for stages that have not a full-size professional stage staff.

The whole performance went through slickly and professionally and the lighting was most adequate; all of which is remarkable when stage rehearsals are so limited. Taken as a whole this programme showed a far higher standard of choreography and of general presentation than in the previous ones. The dancing throughout, and this has been noticeable in nearly all the programmes by the S.B.C., was exceedingly good taking all the circumstances into consideration.

LE JARDIN AUX LILAS

Continued from page 19

ordinarily strong. It is a swirling "anteroom" ballet (rather like Fokine's *Carnaval* in this), and from its quite unforced exits and entrances it derives its almost claustrophobic sense of intimacy, its pace and tension, and much of its characteristic atmosphere of heart-breaking transience. Against this background are set two fragmented *pas de deux* for the quartet of principals — two themes, if you like, one an inversion of the other rhapsodically developed. This contrast of forces is found again, less perfectly expressed, in *Pillar of Fire,* where the "Lovers in Innocence" are pitted against the "Lovers in Experience". The two pairs of lovers in *Jardin aux Lilas* are merged into the rapidly dissolving patterns of the ballet, and a constantly recurring note of yearning is struck as they are parted and forced to dance with the "wrong" partner — a motif that reappeared — humorously this time and less effective — in Tudor's later ballet, *Offenbach in the Underworld.*

Tudor's sensitive use of music in this and other ballets has frequently been commented upon, notably by Alan Storey in his thought-provoking book *Arabesques.* Tudor sees movement in something of the way an opera composer might write a vocal line, so that the movement is not tied to the music but springs from it. To an extent this is also characteristic of other choreographers, but Tudor's shifts of tempo and variations of phrasing are often given a peculiarly dramatic significance. To give a faint idea of what I mean, let me say that whereas Ashton and Balanchine — equally musical in their way—tend to use music as a mirror, Tudor takes it as a springboard.

The choice of Chausson's *Poème* could well have proved a dangerous one. Martin Cooper, in a sympathetic essay on the composer, speaks of a "thickness of texture and a quality of over-richness that often give the music an amateurish sound". Also he might have added that the score, brief as it is, is not entirely free from a certain monotony of material and mood. Yet I think the instinct of Tudor and Rambert was right when they chose this in preference to Fauré. Tudor handled the technical problems involved with a deceptive ease, and the music's over-blown romanticism, as heady as the scent of lilac itself, proves completely right for the ballet.

The music introduces an element of unreality, even perhaps of triviality, which is important, in my view, to the work as a whole. This air of the unreal is carried through into Stevenson's décor and costumes. Fernau Hall — always required reading on Tudor — has clearly pin-pointed the basic fault in Stevenson's designs by indicating, a flaw which once eluded me, how stuffily and conventionally romantic his uniforms for the men are. Thinking of the women's dresses, and perhaps the frock-coated figure of "The Man she must Marry", we tend to place the ballet as Edwardian, but the men's uniforms belong nowhere — they are almost pure Ruritanian Household Cavalry. Yet what would be better? Those costumes that ought to seem absurd, in practice, to me at any rate, never really jar. They all seem one with the fantastic lilac-drenched garden that seems eternally bathed in moonlight and is not entirely free from moonshine.

Pondering this over I came to the conclusion that in the final count quite a lot of the poignancy of *Jardin aux Lilas* derives from these painfully real people in painfully real circumstances (for while we may not today have forced marriages of convenience, we can still love and lose) all placed against a setting of contrived artificiality, as though people were playing charades for real. Caroline's chocolate-soldier lover perhaps by being of no place becomes of all time.

While Raymond Sovey's expansion of Stevenson's designs in the Ballet Theatre production were by and large successful, the more elaborate designs used by New York City Ballet seemed just a bit too slick — almost as if they were more intended to sell the scent of lilac than to evoke it.

It will always be one of my ballet-regrets that by a mixture of bad luck and ill-management, I saw neither Maude Lloyd nor Peggy Van Praagh, as Caroline, even though with a bit of good fortune I could have seen either or both at the Arts Theatre at the beginning of the war. Of the various war-time casts I recall with particular pleasure Sally Gilmour as Caroline; Robert Harrold, Frank Staff and Walter Gore as

Continued on page 34

THE ROYAL BALLET
at Covent Garden
Revivals all the way

IN a sense it is difficult to praise John Cranko's first full-length ballet, *The Prince of the Pagodas,* without burying it. Its fault is so basic to its structure that even the most tactful examination of its many excellencies is likely to reveal the gaping flaw at its heart. The work is badly constructed, its characters do not really engage our feelings — or, in other words, the story is not a genuinely acceptable framework upon which to hang the dancing. Nor is the ballet given much assistance by John Piper's sets, which vary between the inconsequentially dingy to the inconsequentially cute. Given that plot outline, those characters and these settings, no choreographer in the world could have achieved a completely successful ballet, and although it is relevant that the story was Cranko's own, the fact that his difficulties were self-imposed makes them no less impossible to cope with.

However, despite its faults the ballet remains a very notable achievement on Cranko's part, and on its revival on April 16 it perhaps looked better than ever before. In fact short of commissioning new settings for the ballet it is difficult to see what more could be done. Every time the ballet is revived Cranko tends to make a few improvements, and the second act — still the dullest of the three — has been given far more continuity than before by having the heroine Belle Rose mingle and dance on her journey through the elements. This, and the changes in the *pas de six* and the omission of the Fool's dance in the last act, were all amendments made on the work's former revision last year, and on this occasion Cranko has sensibly contented himself with a few minor titivations to the choreography, although the complete omission of the flying sequences is one major, and regrettable, change seen in this revival.

Like the music, the choreography — particularly in this refurbished version—retains its interest, and the revival proved notably well danced. Chief honours in the variations for the Four Kings who come to seek Belle Epine's hand went to Derek Rencher, who makes far more out of the mandarin pomposity of the Eastern dance than did his predecessor, and Peter Clegg, more fidgety than ever in the King of the West's delightful solo. Gary Burne was also excellent as the King of the South, but Desmond Doyle still looked a little mis-cast in the Russian dance, although this season, generally, Doyle seems to have recovered the fine form which temporarily deserted him.

Beriosova and Blair, as the heroine and her salamander lover, were both superbly proud and eloquently flamboyant, although in the last act they just missed the heights they attained when this act was given as part of the last Benevolent Fund gala. The *pas de six* went well, and Julia Farron, Ray Powell and Leslie Edwards all danced and mimed their parts to the hilt. The only newcomer was Graham Usher as the Fool, who made a promisingly danced debut, but seemed less certain regarding the characterisation, stressing the rôle's naïve pathos yet disregarding the simple strength needed if both Belle Rose and the King are to lean on him for support.

THE performance of *Petrushka* on April 15 was notable for the reappearance of Brian Shaw after his recent prolonged absence following a foot operation. It was, with no reservation whatsoever, the best performance he has ever given of Fokine's puppet hero, and he produced for the first time a *complete* and telling characterisation of the part. It is an infinitely more pathetic portrayal than Grant's and he shuffles through the ballet with a doomed air of helplessness. This grief-stricken puppet is, I think, almost certainly the nearest to the original that the Royal Ballet has got, and I feel that most people who found Grant lacking in poetry and sensitivity will see in Shaw those qualities they missed. Although I am satisfied that Shaw is far closer to the rôles original conception, and I admired his performance immensely from both dance and dramatic viewpoints, I personally still retain my preference for Grant, who was reinforced when he danced the part again on May 2 (Mat.) following his return from the tour of New Zealand. In Grant's conception of the part there is a sense of frustration, despair and, most important, protest which I find more in keeping with the present day than Shaw's probably more authentic reading. I pity Shaw, but I understand Grant — that is perhaps the basic difference between them. But there is no doubt that these two fine interpretations — to say nothing of the far more than promising version of Blair's, which is still developing — are the most interesting things in a production that, despite its gradual improvement over the years, has never really gelled.

DANSES CONCERTANTES is still in splendid shape, and has already proved a notable acquisition to the repertory. Doreen Wells has taken over Maryon Lane's part at one performance with considerable success. Greatly helped by the partnering of Doyle, she produced some delightfully crisp dancing, although she missed some of the witty charm Lane brings to the rôle. Both Peter Clegg and William Wilson have danced the part Donald Britton originally created. They came rather nearer to Britton's cheeky bounce than did Trecu when the work was first produced at Covent Garden, and Wilson in particular made a good impression in his first *demi-caractère* rôle.

TRECU'S absence through illness also gave Richard Farley a chance to dance a number of performances of the Country Boy in *La Fête Etrange.* His very first, at a matinée, was insecure technically, his partnering being notably uncertain, but his interpretation of the part was strangely moving and powerfully projected. Later he came more to terms with the part's dancing, but seemed unable to recapture the full force of his first portrayal. However, he is an interesting dancer, and these performances helped to confirm me in my view that when — or perhaps even if — he can get his dancing sorted out, he has the kind of naturally theatrical personality that goes far. He is always much better in the *corps de ballet* than in solo parts, and he appears to suffer somewhat from nerves. But I am sure there is high potential talent here. Completely freed from the confines of classical ballet, some of this potentiality made itself felt when he danced Elihu in *Job,* and although it is hardly a part that lends itself to characterisation, his movements were given a commendable fluency. The main attraction in this performance (April 21) was Gary Burne's first appearance as Satan. He leapt with athletic vigour, but there was far too little tarnished magnificence to this fallen angel. On the same evening Annette Page and Ronald Hynd repeated their extremely successful portrayals in *The Firebird,* while Jennifer Gay made a lyrically serene Princess. It says much for the present strength of the company that at this particular performance not one of the Royal Ballet's eleven stars appeared. **C. B.**

TELEVISION
The Lady and the Fool

Given on BBC Television on May 3. Choreography by John Cranko. Music by Verdi, arranged Mackerras. Décor, Guy Sheppard. Costumes, Jane Scrasse-Dickins. Producer, Margaret Dale.

La Capricciosa SVETLANA BERIOSOVA
Moondog ..... RONALD HYND
Bootface ..... RAY POWELL
Signor Midas ..... DAVID SHIELDS
Prince of Arroganza ... PETER WRIGHT
Captain Adoncino ..... BOB STEVENSON
and *corps de ballet*

VERY nearly the only thing wrong with *The Lady and the Fool* was its opening. From the first shot of a dustbin from which Ray Powell unearthed not an old violin nor a wilted bouquet, which would have been appropriate, but a bone which he gnawed in viewers' faces, I thought that Margaret Dale was about to toss her reputation away and treat this Opera House ballet in the fashionable style of social realism. Surely she didn't see it as the Bolshoi did in *Mirandolina,* with riches running hand-in-hand with vice and decadence! Would the Lady become a simple girl only too anxious to accept the poor but honest fool? — better to love the good and simple at heart than marry the rich and wicked.

The Continental accent of the narrator did not strike me as being particularly amusing either. Nevertheless, if television numbs the intellects of those who watch it too frequently as much as the educationists say it does, I suppose there must be some viewers who need to be told what they are seeing.

Fortunately, the opening proved to be a false alarm. The ballet resumed its proper style and progressed smoothly along to an excellent ending, which to many viewers was new although it was only the original epilogue sensibly restored.

The casting was most intelligent and there were no weak links: the *corps de ballet* was particularly good. Beriosova danced very well indeed, although I would say she looked a little hard, or perhaps hard-boiled in close-ups, and would have been better if she had relieved the rôle with a touch of humour. Ronald Hynd, who achieved a nice balance between the emotional and comic elements of his rôle, was a point or two up on Ray Powell, who seemed more intent on making his Clown humorous.

Peter Wright's interpretation of Arroganza was refreshingly original — snooty, contemplative, possibly over-serious, and David Shields, re-costumed to look like Massine's can-can dancer, danced ably although with little characterisation.

I liked Guy Sheppard's décor — odd statues arranged against a dark background and an hexagonally patterned ballroom floor. The striking thing about the production was that the ballet, which is so suitable for a large stage, lost very little on the television screen, and an often richer atmosphere compensated for what was lost in the way of effects of space.

THE LADY WITH THE FOOL : Svetlana Beriosova, as La Capricciosa, and Ronald Hynd, as the clown Moondog, in the BBC television production of Cranko's The Lady and the Fool, *which was given on May 3. Although the cast was not entirely drawn from the Royal Ballet, this was the first time that a work from the company's repertory was given almost in full. Photo : Seymour Grey.*

The point I wish to make is this. Television invariably gives us a solid and literal picture in flat lighting without striking contrasts, and a clear, but rather monotonous focus. The dancers moving in the background are in no less sharp focus than the soloists in close-up: rather like the films of the 'thirties. But this production was more visually dramatic with rich areas of contrast — bright patches of light surrounded by deep velvety blacks — and in its atmosphere it made many earlier productions seem old-fashioned by comparison.

I wonder whether the costume changes were a misguided attempt to give the ballet a more definite period setting? I didn't mind the tights being dispensed with in favour of trousers, but I found the girls' costumes, which appeared to feature floral overskirts, anything but attractive. Possibly a workable compromise to use up old costumes!

AT the end of April, Carmen Amaya and her company also appeared in *Music for You* on BBC Television. Her dancers seemed very ill at ease until she appeared, and she proved, as could be predicted, a striking personality on this medium. Due to the fact that so many black-trousered legs were seen against black-trousered legs, it was rather hard to make anything out of the dancing. **E. C. M.**

THE ASSOCIATION OF BALLET CLUBS

At the Rudolf Steiner Theatre, on May 2.

WHILE most arts are graced and enhanced by the contributions which amateur performers can make, there is little scope for the non-professional in ballet. This programme, sponsored by the Association of Ballet Clubs, which staged works by groups from Ireland, Bristol, Newcastle, Enfield and Lewisham, was an object lesson. It showed just what an amateur group should attempt, and what it shouldn't.

The Newcastle Phoenix Group showed the folly of using too difficult technical steps. Their *pointe* work romantic ballet, *Ensemble,* was of the *Palais de Cristal* school, and it could not have been more embarrassing. While it was pleasantly but conventionally arranged, the very young dancers had to totter and wobble from one nerve-racking step to the next.

The Irish Ballet Society was working to a sensible policy as they slurred, rolled and burred through a folk-dance piece, *Buttermilk Point,* but, unfortunately, the choreography was often shapeless and mixed in style. The group also needs some stronger dancers, although Oona Kavanagh and Sheila O'Hagan gave efficient performances.

The highest technical standard was revealed by the Enfield Ballet Club in *The Cad,* with its plot concerning an adventurer in pursuit of a wealthy woman. Mamika Shepherd, Lesley Searle, Elizabeth Raym and Hilary Kearns danced well, Maria Balinska's choreography was clever and appropriate, and the costumes even looked as though they had been designed. Nevertheless, in final effect the ballet was a little dull, due mainly to the fact that the dancers were unable to reinforce their dancing with any degree of convincing acting.

The Lewisham Club's contribution was most remarkable. A cinemascope cast went through a pleasant Russian legend which included two vision scenes (Dragonflies and Eastern Princesses) and finished up on the village green in gay celebrations reminiscent of the Urals *Ensemble* in everything but the execution of the steps. Maria Zybina's arrangement of this suite was attractive and professional, and although I have doubts about the work's suitability, she deserves praise for the way in which she deployed her large family cast.

But when citizens on the wrong side of forty take to ballet, there is no leashing their enthusiasm. A vigorous character *pas* was danced by a flustered and arthritic trio whose ages totalled anything from 120 to 150 years . . . a memory I shall always treasure. If Maria Zybina, who had surely risked her reputation, had not simplified the steps down to their most attractive limits, I doubt if the group would have got through the work without bungling it.

Margaret Childs as an Orphan Girl gave probably the best individual performance of the evening, while Vivien Lazarus, June Garland, Walter Gent and Linda Neech were all effective.

A Military Affair was the Bristol Club's contribution. It was choreographed by Dorothy Woods to an arrangement of Haydn and it proved to be a genuinely outstanding work. It had a Regency setting, and the delicate production and the tasteful and pretty costumes but, above all, its simple and attractive choreography, set the key for a work which retained its gaiety even through a complicated plot.

In it Moira Ellis, Doreen Allen, Rosemary Everett, Malcolm Hughes, and especially Vera Whitfield, gave good interpretations. It was an intelligent work which I would very much like to see again. The only thing that disturbed me was that some of the performers tended to step out of their characters the moment they had stopped dancing or whenever they had no set stage business. **E. C. M.**

ASHLEY DUKES

"ASHLEY had the faith, I created the difficulties," was what Marie Rambert once wrote of her husband in *Dance and Dancers.* It was always said that he did not like the ballet but the fact remains that his "faith" in building the Mercury Theatre for poetic drama and his wife's ballet was largely instrumental in causing British ballet to be born. His death on May 4, in a London hospital, came as a sudden blow to the theatre and, as far as we are concerned, to Ballet Rambert, for he was the business brain behind the whole organisation.

Ashley Dukes will best be remembered as a playwright whose *Man with a Load of Mischief* and whose numerous translations and adaptations of plays from the French and German have enjoyed, and still do, a phenomenal success. His voyaging in search of better theatre knew no bounds, and it was doubtless his sense of theatrical rightness that has been a continual source of inspiration to his wife.

He was brought up in a more elegant age and, although he belonged especially to that age, his interest in everything new in the theatre never flagged. He brought the art of more gracious pursuits — of good food and wine, of the appreciation of good periods of furniture and *objets d'art,* of the beauty of the spoken word — naturally into his everyday life.

It was a tragedy that he was unable to see the dream of his life — the New Mercury Theatre — completed. This he planned as part of a scheme for bringing culture to West London and it would provide a new permanent home for Ballet Rambert.

I know that readers would wish to join us in extending deep sympathy to Marie Rambert, her children and grandchildren.

FRANCE

THE PARIS OPERA

AFTER long drawn-out preparations for the reorganisation of the National Theatres, M. Malraux's decisions were finally published on April 9. M. A-M. Julien, founder of the Théâtre des Nations, was appointed general administrator of the theatres. He will be assisted by M. Emmanuel Bondeville at the Opéra, M. Marcel Lami at the Opéra-Comique, while M. Gabriel Dussurget, who has been responsible for the Aix-en-Provence festival, has been appointed artistic adviser, and M. Roland Petit receives the title of Adviser on Dance.

During a press conference held for his ballet version of *Cyrano de Bergerac,* Roland Petit said he was astounded by this appointment which he considered to be an ambiguous one, especially when he had expected to be nominated for the post of Director of Dance in the National Lyric Theatres. "In effect," he added, "a director is a person who makes decisions: an adviser is a person whom one consults."

Nevertheless, one can only wish the best of luck to Petit, who is one of the most brilliant choreographers of the young French School, who have been nurtured under the wing of the Paris Opéra, to which Lifar had brought new life. The younger generation drives out the old. While this cruel phenomenon is by no means new and though the results of such changes are not always fortunate, in matters artistic the artist must be judged solely on his work. One waits with bated breath to see how this choreographer of taste will fare in this hazardous and exciting new post.

While Yvette Chauviré and Peter Van Dijk were giving their habitual dazzling performances in *Suite en Blanc* and *Divertissement,* Toumanova reappeared in *Phèdre,* in which Jacqueline Rayet happily returned to the rôle of Aricie. Claude Bessy's rôles in *La Dame à la Licorne* and *L'Atlantide* have now been entrusted to Claire Motte. Rameau's spectacular *Les Indes Galantes* is again being advertised on the posters, but why is it that Massine's *Symphonie Fantastique* has not been revived? Josette Amiel, who has made great progress, was well applauded for her grace, charm and technical mastery in Balanchine's *Symphonie.*

UNFINISHED SYMPHONY
(Symphonie Inachevée)

First performance at the Opéra-Comique on April 3. Music, Schubert. Choreography by Peter Van Dijk.

PETER VAN DIJK
JACQUELINE RAYET

ALREADY danced during a series of tours outside Paris, this long *pas de deux* received a remarkably enthusiastic reception at the Opéra-Comique, for which Peter Van Dijk is also soon to create a new ballet based on Balzac's novel, *La Peau de Chagrin.*

The pure classicism of the style of this young choreographer proved to be in perfect harmony with this romantic symphony. It is quite impossible to extend the poetic understanding of this music any further. Van Dijk's choreography stems from the sound, without interpreting it in a word-for-word, note-for-note manner, as happens only too often. One could compare this example of cohesion to the manner in which Fauré set certain poems of Verlaine to music.

All references to modern acrobatic tendencies are avoided. The classicism of this harmonious and coherent work is always lyrical, and the arrangement of the steps and patterns are in harmony with the pure line of the two dancers. The costumes are all-over tights delicately shaded in blue and white. With the choreographer, Jacqueline Rayet gave a controlled and graceful performance.

THE MANILA FOLK DANCE COMPANY

ESPECIALLY notable for a most charming simplicity, this agreeable and unassuming troupe presented their programme, *Portrait of a Filipino,* at the Théâtre des Nations on April 13. Midway between East and West, the combination of Indonesian and Spanish ingredients proved to be a particularly happy and unexpected mixture. One obviously preferred the ceremonial and social dances to the tribal dances which had obviously been reproduced and somewhat debased.

In the casual and graceful adaptations of the former one could detect traces of Basque dances and flamenco, occasionally the polka and the waltz, as well as the graceful feminine balance of water carriers. Performed with cheerful ease and well presented these dances displayed the elegance and supple beauty of the young performers, who were adorned by luminously brilliant costumes.

Marie-Françoise Christout.

AMERICA

NEW MUSICALS

Juno

JUNO was a musical version of Sean O'Casey's *Juno and the Paycock,* and the reason that it lasted only two weeks on Broadway was not the fault of Agnes de Mille. As a matter of fact, it only seemed to come alive in her lively dances and ensembles. The first of this, "We're Alive," served as a brilliant prologue to the drama to follow. This explosive song and dance was full of the hatred and fury of the

PORTRAIT OF A FILIPINO: Two ceremonial dances from the programme given by the Manila Folk Dance Company which recently enjoyed such a success at the Théâtre des Nations in Paris. *Photos: Lido.*

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THE DIAGHILEV BALLET 1909-1929. Serge Grigoriev. Trans. by Vera Bowen. Dy. 8vo. 289 pp. 35s. 20 illus. 1953. Serge Grigoriev compiled this book from the log that the company kept each season. Almost every European musician and painter of note collaborated with Diaghilev and this book records all the great figures in the artistic world between 1909 and 1929 as well as a biography of Diaghilev himself.

DIAGHILEV BALLET IN LONDON. Cyril W. Beaumont. Dy. 8vo. 376 pp. 25s. 23 illus. 1951. 3rd ed. Provides authentic glimpses into the nights that were.

A DICTIONARY OF BALLET. G. B. L. Wilson. 7¼ x 4¾. 288 pp. 5s. 1957. Penguin Reference Book — first dictionary of ballet to be published in England.

A DICTIONARY OF BALLET TERMS. Leo Kersley and Janet Sinclair. Cr. 8vo. 96 pp. 10s. 6d. Illus. 1953. 2nd ed. Describes in simple non-technical language the meaning of all but the most obscure terms used in ballet.

A DICTIONARY OF MODERN BALLET. Edited by Francis Gadan-Pamard and Robert Maillard. With assistance of Ronald Crichton and Mary Clarke. WideDy. 8vo. 368 pp. 36s. 325 illus. April 1959. 600 articles specially written by experts in various countries showing the art of ballet companies, dancers, designers, choreographers, musicians and ballets themselves.

DISCOVERING DANCE. Rachel Percival. 7s. June 1959. Original book of dance, from pre-historic war-dances to cha-cha-cha, and from ballroom to the ballet, for children between the ages of 10 and 15 years. Discovery Reference Book. Gift edition 8s. 6d.

ENTER THE BALLERINA. Pigeon Crowle. 8¼ x 6½. 178 pp. 15s. 40 photos. 1955. Early careers of seven famous ballerinas.

EUROPEAN FOLK DANCE. Joan Lawson. Cr. 4to. 256 pp. 42s. Illus. 1953 and 1955.

FANNY CERRITO. Ivor Guest. 6¼ x 9¾. 176 pp. 30s. 24 pp. illus. 1956. Life of a famous ballerina.

FONTEYN : A Study of the Ballerina in her Setting. James Monahan. Med 8vo. 115 pp. 18s. 25 photos. 1957. First full-length critical study of the great ballerina and her art, by a poet and experienced ballet critic.

GOING TO THE BALLET. Arnold Haskell. 7¼ x 4¾. 128 pp. 2s. 6d. 32 pp. illus. 1954. Arnold Haskell has written this book to help those seeing ballet for the first time to understand what they are watching on the stage.

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THE MAKING OF A DANCER. Arnold L. Haskell. Dy. 8vo. 96 pp. 8s. 6d. 13 illus. 1946. A primer on the aesthetics of ballet for all who seek to improve their critical appreciation.

MARGOT FONTEYN. Elizabeth Frank. Cr. 4to. 122 pp. 21s. 24 illus. 1958. Biography of Britain's leading ballerina, by one who was herself a ballet dancer.

MIKE DAVIS AT THE ROYAL BALLET. Mike Davis. 9¾ x 7¼. 144 pp. 25s. Photos. 1958. Collection of photographs of dancers on stage or at rehearsals. Articles by outstanding personalities of the ballet world—including Frederick Ashton, Noël Goodwin, Arnold Haskell. Introduction by Dame Ninette de Valois.

MODERN DANCE: The Jooss-Leeder Method. Jane Winearls. Sm.Dy. 8vo. 135 pp. 21s. Illus. 1958. The four sections of this book deal with Technique, Dynamics, Design and Composition, giving progressive examples of development illustrated by drawings from life, diagrams and dance notation.

MODERN ENGLISH BALLET. Fernau Hall. L.Dy. 8vo. 340 pp. 20s. 1950.

MOIRA SHEARER: Portrait of a Dancer. Pigeon Crowle. Cr. 4to. 96 pp. 25s. 51 photos. 1951. 2nd ed. Life of the ballerina.

NIKITINA: The Autobiography of a Ballet Dancer. Alice Nikitina. Trans. by Baroness Budberg. Dy. 8vo. Approx. 176 pp. 18s. May 1959. Tells the remarkable life-story of Nikitina, famous ballet dancer and singer.

THE NUTCRACKER BALLET: A Christmas Fantasy and its History. Pigeon Crowle and Mike Davis. Cr. 4to. 52 pp. 55 photos. 1958. Foreword by Alexandre Benois and a preface by David Lichine.

PREPARATION FOR BALLET. N. Nicolaeva-Legat. Dy. 8vo. 132 pp. 15s. 16 pp. illus. 1953. Series of essays designed for the practical assistance of those interested in the practice of ballet dancing in which the famous Legat system is combined with Yoga movements and Yoga philosophy.

RED CURTAIN UP. Beryl Grey. Dy 4to. 82 pp. 30s. 45 photos. 1958. The famous ballerina — the first from the West ever to dance with the Bolshoi Ballet in Moscow — tells the story of her experiences in the U.S.S.R.

RHYTHYM IN THE HEAVENS. Ram Gopal. Dy. 8vo. 212 pp. 25s. 24 photos. 1957. Autobiography of the world-famous Indian dancer. His youth in India, how he learned to dance and his travels all over America, Asia and Europe, meeting Pavlova, Nijinsky, Queen Mary, Cecil B. de Mille and a host of others.

THE ROYAL BALLET: In Performance at Covent Garden. John Hart. Cr. 4to. 160 pp. 36s. 216 photos. 1958 1st ed. Eleven famous ballets from the Royal Ballet repertoire: the history of the production and the story of the ballet in words and photographs.

THE ROYAL DANISH BALLET. Svend Kragh-Jacobsen. 8¼ x 6. 10s. 6d. 37 illus. 1955. Gives an admirably clear account of the origin and development of the Danish Ballet.

RUSSIAN BALLET MASTER: Memoirs of Marius Petipa. Edited by Lilian Moore. Dy. 8vo. 104 pp. 21s. 41 illus. 1958. Memoirs of Marius Petipa, the choreographer of *Swan Lake* and *The Sleeping Beauty*, translated into English for the first time with humorous illustrations.

THE SADLER'S WELLS BALLET: A History and An Appreciation. Mary Clarke. Med. 8vo. 336 pp. 21s. 55 illus. 1955. Tells for the first time in detail the history of the Sadler's Wells Ballet in the years before it became the Royal Ballet.

THE SADLER'S WELLS BALLET THEATRE. Hugh Fisher. Cr. 4to. 48 pp. 5s. 90 photos. 1956. Gives full details of the repertoire, including the stories of the ballets and a complete list of the ballets produced by the Company since its formation in 1946.

SIX GREAT DANCERS. Mary Clarke. Cr. 8vo. 190 pp. 10s. 6d. 6 illus. 1957. Six short but detailed biographies of famous dancers.

THE STORY OF THE ROYAL BALLET. Hugh Fisher. L.Cr. 8vo. 67 pp. 7s. 6d. 31 illus. 1959. 2nd ed. Intended for the younger reader; tells briefly the story of the company from its earliest performances until today.

SUPPLEMENT TO COMPLETE BOOK OF BALLETS Cyril W. Beaumont. Dy. 8vo. 212 pp. 25s. 48 photos. 1952. 6th imp. Continuation and extension of the author's *Complete Book of Ballets*, containing critical analyses of 56 ballets first performed in the years 1937-41. A section on a dozen new Soviet ballets is included.

SVETLANA BERIOSOVA. A. H. Franks. Dy. 8vo. 208 pp. About 21s. 32 pp. illus. Biography of Svetlana Beriosova, one of the greatest ballerinas of the twentieth century and regarded by authorities as the natural successor to Margot Fonteyn in the Royal Ballet.

TALES FROM THE BALLET. Pigeon Crowle. 8¼ x 6½. 152 pp. 12s. 6d. 70 illus. 1953. Complete story of many of the most popular ballets in performance today.

THE THREE GRACES. Serge Lifar. Dy. 8vo. 256 pp. 21s. 12 pp. halftone illus. 1959. A biographical study of three graces of the ballet — Pavlova, Karsavina and Olga Spessivtzeva.

VICTORIAN BALLET GIRL : The Tragic Story of Clara Webster. Ivor Guest. Dy. 8vo. 136 pp. 21s. 22 illus. 1957. Portrait of a young dancer who, but for her untimely death, might have become England's first great ballerina.

THE WORLD OF BALLET. S. Hurok. Dy 8vo. 318 pp. 21s. 39 illus. 1954. Author tells his amazing story. From the times of Pavlova to Sadler's Wells Ballet of today, Hurok has stood in the storm centre. He writes with intimate knowledge of the dancers.

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BEGINNERS PLEASE ! A Concentrated Primer for Ballet Students of All Ages. Kay Ambrose. Cr. 8vo. 64 pp. 7s. Illus. 1953. For beginners in ballet. Can be used with confidence by all students at the elementary stage.

DRESSING FOR THE BALLET. Joan Lawson and Peter Revitt. Cr. 4to. 96 pp. 16s. Illus. 1958. Helps both amateur and professional dancers to find suitable costumes for classroom and stage, or to make for themselves when professional help is not available.

AN INTRODUCTION TO BENESH DANCE NOTATION. Rudolf and Joan Benesh. Roy. 8vo. 48 pp.. 9½ x 6. Diags. 1956. Explains clearly the principles upon which the Benesh system is based and demonstrates how the notation may be interpreted by the dancer.

LABANOTATION: The System for Recording Movement. Ann Hutchinson. 8¼ x 9¼. 274 pp. 25s. Diags. 1956. Laban system for recording ballet notation.

MODERN BALLET DESIGN. Richard Buckle. 7⅞ x 10½. 144 pp. 30s. 201 illus. 1955. 1st ed. Work of some forty British, French and American artists is discussed by one of our leading ballet critics.

SECOND STEPS IN BALLET: Basic Centre Exercises for Home Practice. Mara Thalia. Ob.Dy. 8vo. 64 pp. 8s. 6d. Line drawings. 1957. Companion volume to *Ballet: Home Practice for Beginners*, but more advanced. Concerned with the practice of the basic arm positions and the basic poses of the body, it also gives exercises to help the student acquire balance, form and strength.

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original play. After this, however, the first act quietened down until its finale, "On A Night Like This," that was full of the spirit of Ireland and its stirring folk dances. There was an Irish jig, performed by Howard Parker and Eugene Kelton; a wonderful Shillelagh Dance by Curtis Hood, Chuck Bennett, Scott Hunter and Enrique Martinez and, the highlight of all of these, a Slip Jig, danced magnificently by Glen Tetley. Again, in the second act ballet, "Johnny," Tommy Rall and Gemze de Lappe brought the play to searing life in a number that was set against a Dublin tenement background.

Oliver Smith's settings were the most beautiful to be seen in the Broadway theatre this season. Mavis Ray was assistant to Miss de Mille and Trude Rittman and Marc Britzstein were responsible for the ballet music. Annabelle Lyon and Jenny Workman were also outstanding in the excellent company of dancers.

N.Y. CITY BALLET'S PREMIERES

AS announced previously, one of the highlights of the New York City Ballet's Part III of their Tenth Anniversary Year is the current four-week season, starting May 12, featuring the hour-long ballet, *Episodes*. Set to music by Anton Webern, Opus 1 had choreography by Martha Graham, with Miss Graham dancing the principal rôle Opus 6, 10, 21, 24 and 30 had choreography by George Balanchine and the costumes for this joint choreographic collaboration were designed by Cecil Beaton. *Episodes,* which was premièred on May 14, too late for review in this issue, will be reported at length in our July issue.

Another highlight of New York City Ballet's season were the appearances of the Japanese Imperial Household Musicians and Dancers, who presented four completely different programmes during this, their first appearance in the Western world.

Neither Maria Tallchief nor André Eglevsky are returning for this season. However, one major addition to the principal dancers of the company, who are now listed alphabetically in all programmes and billing, is Royes Fernandez, the brilliant young classical dancer who made such a fine showing during American Ballet Theatre's autumn season at the Met. Fernandez joined the New York City Ballet for this season just after his return from a tour of the mid-East with the San Francisco Ballet.

BALLET THEATRE'S PLANS

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE'S co-director, Lucia Chase, has announced that this company will appear at Lewisohn Stadium, New York City, on June 27 in a programme that will include *Les Sylphides* with Violette Verdy, Ruth Ann Koesun and Royes Fernandez; John Kriza in *Combat*; Alicia Alonso and Igor Youskevitch in *Black Swan Pas de Deux* and *Graduation Ball* with Michael Lland and Ruth Ann Koesun.

American Ballet Theatre is now in the process of developing another Workshop Programme to be given at an off-Broadway theatre in October and this will feature four new ballets by four choreographers.

Most important of all in American Ballet Theatre's current plans, however, is the mounting of a new full-length production of *The Sleeping Beauty*. David Lichine is to be choreographer with Anton Dolin as artistic collaborator. Oliver Smith, co-director of American Ballet Theatre will design the settings and Karinska will design the costumes. This major production, which is being mounted in honour of American Ballet Theatre's Twentieth Anniversary Season, will have its American première at the Taft Theatre in Cincinnati, Ohio, on December 28. After this there will be a national tour of ten or eleven weeks, with the company appearing in only two cities a week, prior to the Spring Season at the Met.

JUILLIARD DANCE CONCERTS

THE Juilliard School of Music presented four evenings of dance during mid-May for the benefit of a scholarship fund the School is establishing in memory of Doris Humphrey, member of Juilliard's dance faculty and director of the Juilliard Dance Theatre since its inception in 1955. Appearing on these programmes were José Limon with members of his company, Valerie Bettis and the Juilliard Dance Theatre. Guest choreographers were Valerie Bettis, Helen Tamiris and Ruth Currier. Among the premières were Doris Humphrey's and Ruth Currier's *Brandenburg Concerto No. 4* to Bach's score; Valerie Bettis' *Closed Door* to music by Anton Webern and Helen Tamiris' *Dance for Walt Whitman* to music by David Diamond. Other works on these programmes included Valerie Bettis' *The Desperate Heart*; José Limón's *The Traitor* and *Missa Brevis*. These three new works and the important revivals will be reported on at length in next month's issue.

BALLET RAMBERT FOR JACOB'S PILLOW

TED SHAWN has announced that Ballet Rambert will make its American début on the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival at Lee, Mass., on July 14. With Madame Marie Rambert in personal charge, Ballet Rambert is coming to America for its long-awaited début with 21 dancers plus its own scenery and costumes. Beryl Goldwyn, John Chesworth, Gillian Martlew and Lucette Aldous are slated to head the company and their first programme will consist of *Laiderette* and *Giselle*. The second week's programme, starting July 21, is to include *Two Brothers, Simple Symphony, Death and the Maiden, Judgement of Paris* and *Gala Performance*. July 28 the third and final week will consist of the three-act *Coppélia*.

Other notable dance events at Jacob's Pillow include the following: (July 1) Ruth St. Denis, Pearl Lang and Company and Alvin Ailey and Company; (July 8) Erik Bruhn and Lupe Serrano, Myra Kinch and La Meri and Company; Ximenez-Vargas Spanish Ballet (August 12) and Les Grands Ballets Canadiens on August 28.

NOTABLE GUEST TEACHERS

PEGGY VAN PRAAGH has been engaged to head the ballet faculty at Jacob's Pillow this coming summer. Robert Joffrey, of the American Ballet Centre in New York, has announced that Vera Volkova, artistic advisor of the Royal Danish Ballet, has been engaged as a guest teacher for four weeks this summer, starting June 8. And Mary Skeaping, director of the Royal Swedish Ballet, will be guest teacher at the National Academy of Ballet in New York from July 6 to August 14.

NEWS IN BRIEF

HANYA HOLM, choreographer of *My Fair Lady,* is staging *Orpheus and Eurydice* for the Vancouver International Festival.

ONNA WHITE has been engaged to choreograph the dances for *Saratoga,* the musicalisation of Edna Ferber's novel, *Saratoga Trunk*. Costumes will be designed by Cecil Beaton.

THE dance programmes of the 1959 "Festival of Two Worlds", which opens in Spoleto, Italy, on June 11, will be under the direction of John Butler. Jerome Robbins' ballet company will perform a new work to a score by Aaron Copland. Other choreographers represented will be Antony Tudor, Herbert Ross and Butler.

THE Government of Haiti has awarded Katherine Dunham the Order of Honour and Merit with the rank of commander for her contribution in introducing Caribbean dance to audiences throughout the world. At the same time, the Mayor of Portau-Prince made Miss Dunham an honorary citizen.

Arthur Todd.

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JARDIN AUX LILAS

Continued from page 28

her Lover; Michael Bayston as "the Man she must Marry"; and Sara Luzita and Joan McClelland as "an episode in his past". Gilmour gave a peculiarly individual interpretation of Caroline, with a natural vivacity clouded over with grief. Harrold, clumsily young and touchingly naïve, made a quite different thing of the Lover from Staff, who portrayed a more ardent, more assured charmer. McClelland stressed a fierce womanly intensity as the Mistress, while Luzita's fierceness in the same rôle was given a feline quality.

Many of these artists continued to dance the rôles in the first few years after the war, when Celia Franca reappeared as a guest artist, giving a strikingly hypnotic malignity to the Mistress. Other generations of Rambert dancers stepped into the parts. Margaret Hill, a notably powerful Caroline, Annette Chappell an almost kittenish Mistress, a very young Ronald Hynd superbly supercilious as the Fiancé, David Paltenghi returned as a polished, passionate Lover, Mary Munro made a calmly beautiful Caroline, followed by the touching gauche innocence of Beryl Goldwyn in the same rôle, Ann Horn and Gillian Martlew both produced high-strung despair as the Mistress, first Alexander Bennett and Ronald Yerrell and later Norman Dixon loved and lost their Carolines, while John Chesworth remained a most solidly bourgeois "man they must marry" — all these dancers and quite a few more have added their particular lustre to a production that on the whole has had rather more ups than downs.

But whereas in *Gala Performance*, the Rambert company has always had it its own way against trans-Atlantic opposition, this is nowhere near so true of *Lilac Garden*, and both of the American companies have provided formidable opposition to the home team. Nora Kaye would never be my ideal Caroline — she seemed too neurotic, too much the creator of circumstances rather than the victim — but no one has yet equalled the pitifully ineffectual gallantry of Hugh Laing as the Lover who dashed through the ballet as if every moment was his last, nor has anyone suggested so well the worldly, at times, beneath the skin, almost kindly *homme moyen sensuel* as did Tudor himself. Alicia Alonso (Ballet Theatre) made an elegantly compulsive Mistress, while Tanaquil LeClercq (New York City Ballet) in the same rôle showed a shining, only slightly tarnished, innocence and reversed the balance of the ballet with her pathos.

COVER STORIES

This month's front cover is of Beryl Goldwyn and Christopher Lyall, of Ballet Rambert, in Fokine's Les Sylphides.

GOLDWYN made her debut with the Anglo-Polish Ballet at the age of 15. Six months later, after the company had folded, she approached Madame Rambert with the view to becoming a dancer in her company. As the company was then on the eve of its departure for an Australian tour, Madame Rambert made arrangements for Goldwyn to study at the Rambert School for two years free of charge. In 1949, Goldwyn joined the company as a soloist. She appeared in the Rambert group's *Ballet at Eight* and later rose to become a ballerina in the main company. In the title rôle of *Giselle*, she was generally acclaimed. A few years ago she retired from the stage on her marriage. Now she is, happily, back with the company, having found that it is still possible to carry on the careers of wife and ballerina at the same time.

CHRISTOPHER LYALL is a New Zealander who came to England in 1955. His teachers have been Cléo Nordi, Anna Northcote and Harold Turner at the Royal Ballet School. He appeared with the Royal Ballet in certain productions but left, two years ago, to appear on television and as a principal dancer in West End productions. He joined the Edinburgh Festival company last year and when it was disbanded went to Madame Rambert. Since then, he has risen to become one of the company's principal dancers and a great future is expected of him.

Ballet Dates

THE ROYAL BALLET
at the Royal Opera House Covent Garden

May
18 *The Sleeping Beauty* (Beriosova, Chatfield)
20 *Danses Concertantes, Giselle* (Linden, Chatfield)
21 *Danses Concertantes, Giselle* (Alexander, Bennett)
23 **(M)** *The Sleeping Beauty* (Page, Hynd)
23 **(E)** *Les Sylphides, The Firebird, Les Rendezvous*
25 *Les Sylphides, The Firebird, Les Patineurs*
26 *Les Patineurs, Giselle* (Linden, Chatfield)
30 **(M)** *Les Rendezvous, Danses Concertantes, The Sleeping Beauty* Act 3
June
2 *Ondine* (Fonteyn, Somes)
5 *The Shadow, Symphonic Variations, Daphnis and Chloë*
6 **(M)** *Les Sylphides, The Firebird, The Lady and the Fool*
6 **(E)**
10 *The Sleeping Beauty* (Nerina, Blair)
11 *The Shadow, Symphonic Variations, Daphnis and Chloë*
13 **(M)** *Danses Concertantes, Giselle* (Beriosova, Chatfield)
13 **(E)** *Les Rendezvous, Symphonic Variations, Daphnis and Chloë*
15 *The Lady and the Fool, Giselle* (Fonteyn, Somes)
20 **(M)** *The Sleeping Beauty* (Beriosova, Chatfield)
20 **(E)** *Ondine* (Fonteyn, Somes)
End of ballet season. Next season opens August 17.

THE ROYAL BALLET
(TOURING SECTION)

May
18 The New Theatre, Cardiff (with Nerina and Blair)
26 The Alexandra Theatre, Birmingham (2 weeks, with Nerina, Linden and Blair)
June
8 The King's Theatre, Southsea
15 The Granada, Sutton

LONDON'S FESTIVAL BALLET

May
14-20 Zarzuela Theatre, Madrid
23-26 Grand Théâtre de l'Opéra, Bordeaux
29, 30 Théâtre de l'Opéra, Dijon
June
2, 3 Nuovo Teatro, Turin
5-7 Teatro Margaretta, Genoa
11-14 Stadt Theatre, Zurich
16-18 Théâtre de l'Exposition, Lausanne
20 Théâtre de l'Opera, Vichy
22 The Pavilion, Bournemouth (1 week)
29 The New Theatre, Oxford (1 week)
July
14 The Royal Festival Hall, London (until Sept. 12)
Sept.
14 The Theatre Royal, Dublin (1 week)

BALLET RAMBERT

May
25 The Sadler's Wells Theatre, London (2 weeks)
Sadler's Wells Programme
25 *Giselle, Hazaña* (World première of Norman Morrice ballet)
26 *Giselle, Hazaña*
27-28 *Laiderette, Simple Symphony, Two Brothers, Gala Performance*
29-30 **(M)** *Coppélia*
30 **(E)** *Lilac Garden, Judgment of Paris, Dark Elegies, Gala Performance*
June
2 *Coppélia*
3 *Variations on a Theme, La Reja, Hazaña, Czernyana*
4 *Variations on a Theme, La Reja, Two Brothers, Les Sylphides*
5 *Lilac Garden, Judgment of Paris, Dark Elegies, Gala Performance*
6 **(M)** *Czernyana, Giselle*
6 **(E)** *Les Sylphides, Two Brothers, Czernyana, Hazaña*
June
8 The Essoldo Theatre, Brighton
July
15 Jacob's Pillow, Mass., U.S.A. (3 weeks)

SUSANA AND JOSE
at the Sadler's Wells Theatre, May for 2 weeks.

PILAR LOPEZ AND HER BALLET ESPANOL
at Princes Theatre, May 11

ANTONIO AND HIS SPANISH BALLET
Provincial Tour

May
15 The New Theatre, Oxford
25 The Hippodrome, Birmingham
June
1 The Palace Theatre, Manchester (2 weeks)

CARMEN AMAYA AND HER SPANISH COMPANY
at the Westminster Theatre, London

JOSE GRECO AND HIS SPANISH BALLET
at Princes Theatre, London, June 1.

MAURICE BEJART BALLET THEATRE
at the Sadler's Wells Theatre, July 13 for two weeks

INTERNATIONAL DANCE FESTIVALS

The following have already announced that there will be ballet in their festivals. Details to be published when available.

WIESBADEN : May 7-June 7.
FLORENCE : May 10-July 14. Four ballets by Aurel Milloss. May 10, 12, 17, *I Sette Peccati*. June 25, 27, 28, *L'Isola Eterna, La Follia D'Orlando, Katica*
PRAGUE : May 12-June 3. Ballet of the National Theatre of Prague in *Othello* and *Doktor Faust*
BORDEAUX : May 19-June 3. London's Festival Ballet and the Ballet of the Grand Theatre of Bordeaux
COPENHAGEN : 10th Danish Ballet Festival, May 18-31 Repertoire: *La Sylphides, Coppélia, Romeo and Juliet, Apollon Musagète, Harlequinade, Miss Julie, Giselle, Etudes, Moon Reindeer*
STOCKHOLM : May 31-June 13. The Royal Swedish Ballet in *Prometheus, The Moon Reindeer, Swedish Rhapsody*
ZURICH : June 2-July 5. London's Festival Ballet on June 11-14 in *Giselle* (with Markova) and other ballets
STRASBOURG : June 5-18. Ballets de Strasbourg with Shorik and Algaroff in *Cinderella* on June 6 and 7
SPOLETO : June 11-July 12. Jerome Robbins' Ballets U.S.A.
HOLLAND : June 15-July 15. Ballet Espagnol of Jose Greco
DUBLIN : June 14-21. Antonio and his Spanish Ballet (June 15-20)
GRANADA : June 20-July 1. Programmes of classical ballet with international stars
DUBROVNIK : July 1-Aug. 31 Yugoslav Folklore Groups
BREGENZ : July 21-Aug. 19. The Vienna State Opera Ballet in *Don Juan, Medusa* and other works
SANTANDER : July 25-Aug. 31. Ballet of the Paris Opéra, Ballet Espagnol, Coros Y Danzas, a Flamenco group from Andalusia
ATHENS : Aug. 1-Sep. 15. Martha Graham and her company in *Clytemnestre* and Jerome Robbins' Ballets U.S.A.

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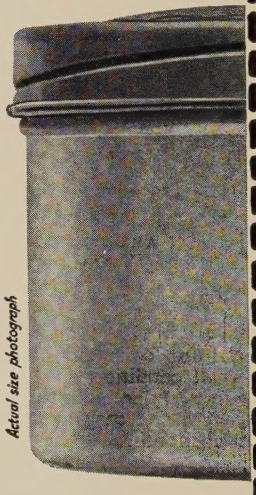

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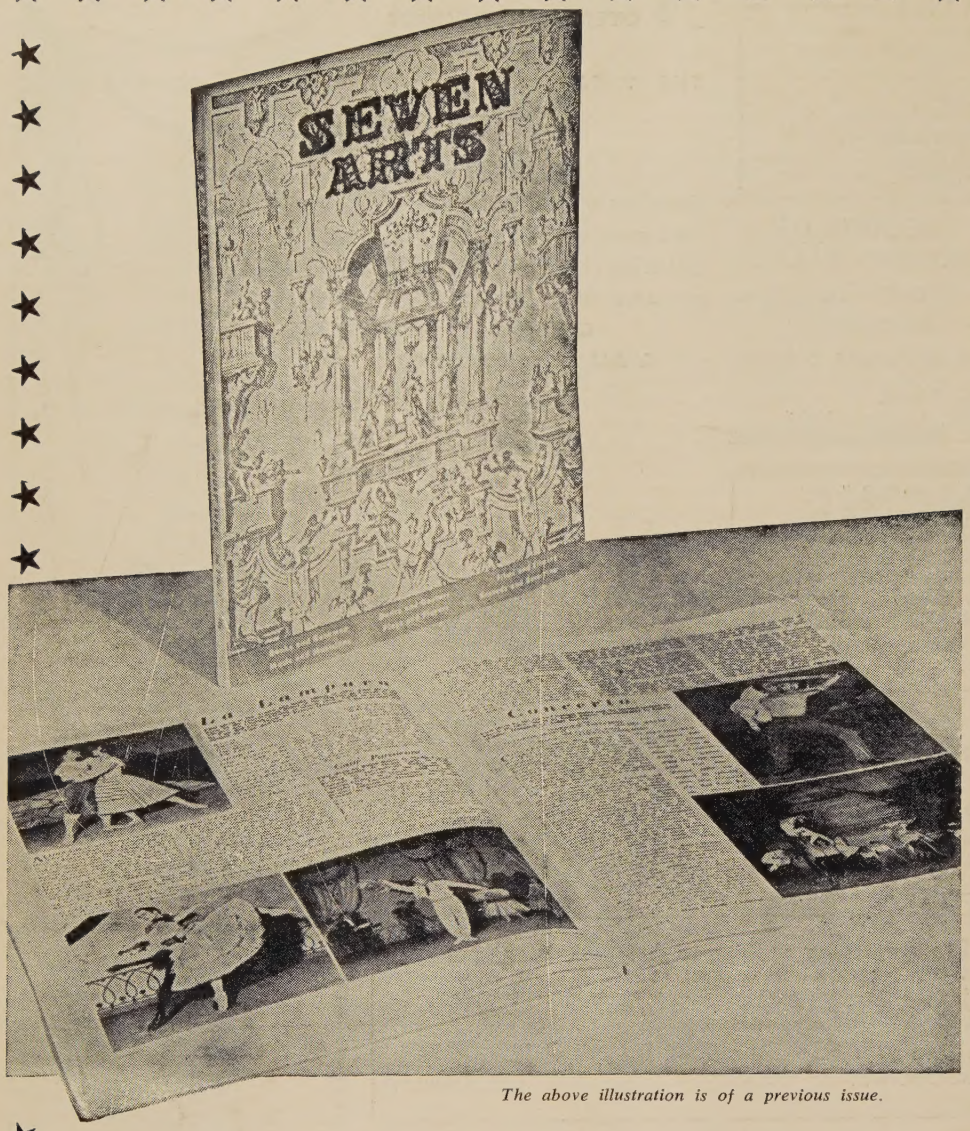

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